

# The Sketch

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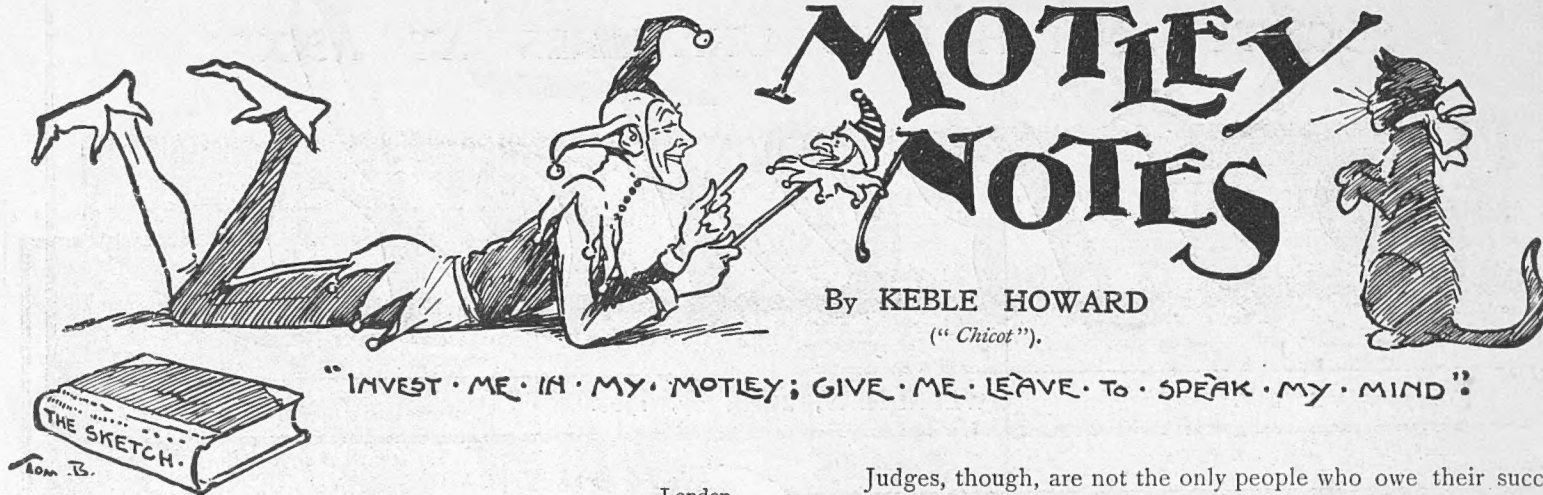
SIXPENCE.



KING, QUEEN, AND PRINCE OF THE SEA-KINGS OVER THE SEA: KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY (CROWNED ON JUNE 22) AND THEIR LITTLE SON, THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF.

*Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.*





London.

YOU must be quite tired, friend the reader, of seeing the word "London" at the head of these notes. So am I, yet I did not realise it until June began to take himself seriously. There are three months in the year that can be depended upon never to take themselves seriously—that is to say, never to run to extremes: these are April, May, and September. June is an uncertain fellow. (That, no doubt, constitutes his peculiar charm.) His disposition, I fancy, is imitative, and he can never make up his mind whether to model himself upon pretty sister May or elder brother July. At the moment of writing, he has contrived to make himself look almost exactly like July, and, were it not for the freshness of his summer suiting, the ignorant might be excused if they mistook him for August. Well, freaks of this kind are all very well when you can lie out on the cliff-top and watch the boats creeping down Channel to the open sea. But when one's address is London, and the motor-omnibus is still in its primitive stage (you know what I mean), and the old white horse that drags the watering-cart is as slow as he is sure, poor dear, and dwellers in the suburbs, greedy wretches, stand with their mouths open and intercept every consignment of oxygen, whether it is labelled "Charing Cross" or not, then, I think, one is apt to regard the airless graces of Master June with a liverish eye. One more week, however, and I promise you, all being well, to change my address.

Speaking of taking ourselves or others seriously, I am rather surprised to find Mr. Quiller-Couch joining in the general outcry against the judicial would-be humorist. Mr. Quiller-Couch (who lives in Cornwall, and has not the slightest excuse for being serious about anything) has actually written to the *Times* to complain that a certain judge, during a certain recent trial, tried to be funny at the expense of "a gentle lady on whom he was about to inflict a blow." Surely Mr. Quiller-Couch must realise the hopelessness of girding at the would-be humorist of the Bench! A judge becomes a judge by virtue of the fact that he has no sense of humour. There have, of course, been judges in whom the sense of humour was keen, but they were not first-rate judges. A first-rate judge is a man who, wearing a ridiculous costume, can sit in a conspicuous place and mete out punishments to his fellow-creatures with an air of one very, very little lower than the angels. I ask you, could a man with a sense of humour do that in a sufficiently solemn way to make it convincing? Certainly not. The mere thought of the black cap would be enough to make him roar with laughter.

"Very well, then," Mr. Quiller-Couch retorts from his salt-breeze-swept Cornish window. "Granted that judges have no sense of humour. Can you justify them of their selfishness and stupidity in trying to make jokes? Can you explain why they should persist in wasting the time and the money, to say nothing of wounding the feelings, of those who come to their Courts in the hope of obtaining justice or to defend themselves against a grave charge?" I think I can. The judge who tries to make jokes does so because he lacks a sense of humour. Please don't think I am endeavouring to be paradoxical. My argument is perfectly simple. The negative quality that is responsible for his promotion to the Bench is also responsible for his attempts at humour. He does not know that he is not funny. All judges made jokes yesterday; they are all making them to-day; they will all make them to-morrow. I can sympathise with the judges more readily than I can pardon those—the ushers and the reporters—who encourage them in their petty folly. In any newspaper you will find these pitiful attempts at humour duly recorded, with a little note to the effect that the usher did his duty. Mr. Quiller-Couch should go to the root of the trouble.

Judges, though, are not the only people who owe their success in life to a lack of humour. There are other professions in which a little humour is a very dangerous thing. Take, for example, the schoolmaster. The first duty of a schoolmaster is to make his pupils believe that he is more important and more virtuous than they are. Having done that, he must keep it up from term's end to term's end, and the only way to keep it up is for the schoolmaster to persuade himself, very gradually, that he actually is more important and more virtuous. Schoolmasters, like judges, must be prigs. A prig, roughly, is a person from whose nature the sense of humour has been ousted by self-esteem. You can't go through life *pretending* to be a prig. Some day or other, when you are off your guard, somebody will find you out. Once let a boy discover that you have a sense of humour and you may give up being a schoolmaster. It does not follow, of course, that every bad schoolmaster has a sense of humour. If it did, I could not, for modesty's sake, recount for you the following experience—one of many—of my own schoolmastering days. Anyway, you will easily see from this little sketch that I was an utter failure as a schoolmaster.

*The scene is the large schoolroom of a well-known preparatory school in Surrey. The time is afternoon. At one end of the room the HEAD MASTER is giving out dictation to the top form. At the other end of the room CHICOT is giving out dictation to a lower form. The boys in each case are facing the MASTER.*

THE HEAD (*reading*). "Posterity (*pause*) will not be divided——"  
A PUPIL. I didn't quite catch the first word, Sir.

THE HEAD. "Posterity (*pause*) will not be divided (*pause*) in their judgment of Napoleon (*pause*)——"

CHICOT (*drawing upon his imagination*). "As soon as it grew dark (*pause*) the poacher took his gun from the corner——"

A PUPIL. Did you say "poacher," Sir, or "butcher"?

[*Three boys in the HEAD's class look round. There is a slight titter.*]

CHICOT (*suppressing a laugh*). Silence! "The poacher took his gun from the corner (*pause*)——"

THE HEAD. "—— as his contemporaries have been (*pause*) as—his—contemporaries have been." Full-stop.

CHICOT. "—— and stole softly into the wood."

[*Five boys in the HEAD's class look round. Their mouths are open.*]

THE HEAD (*scathingly*). Have you anything to do with that other class?

THE PUPILS. No, Sir.

THE HEAD. Very well, then. Pay attention to me. "In a future age——"

CHICOT. Full-stop after "wood." "He was determined (*pause*) to stick at nothing."

A PUPIL. Do you say "to fire at nothing," Sir, or "to stick at nothing"?

[*Both classes laugh.*]

THE HEAD. A little less noise at that end of the room, please—"The recollections of his splendid triumphs (*pause*) the recollections of his splendid triumphs——"

CHICOT. "All of a sudden (*pause*) all of a sudden——"

[*Eight boys in the HEAD's class look round.*]

THE HEAD (*continuing hastily*). "—— will have been very much weakened (*pause*) will have been very much weakened——"

CHICOT. "—— a tall man sprang out of a thicket (*pause*) a tall man sprang out of a thicket——"

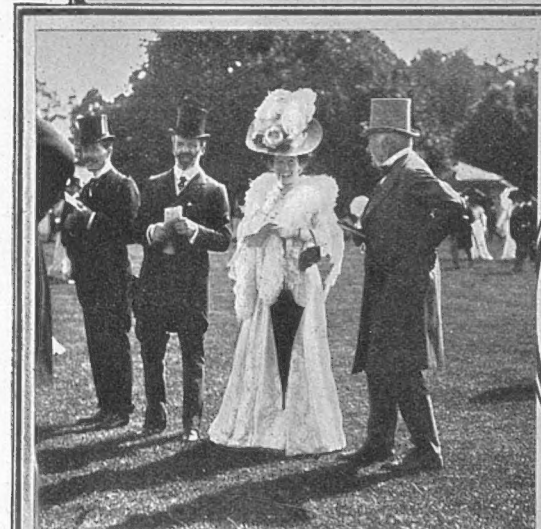
[*All the boys in the HEAD's class look round. All have their mouths open.*]

THE HEAD. It is impossible to carry on both these classes at the same time.

CHICOT (*to himself*). Hurrah! That's what I've always said!



## SOCIETY SNAPSHOTTED UNAWARES AT ASCOT.



1. MAJOR LODER, THE LUCKIEST OWNER OF THE YEAR, AND DILLON (JOCKEY).
4. LORD ESSEX.
7. LORD COVENTRY (IN THE GREY HAT).

2. LORD LONSDALE AND MRS. IVOR GUEST.
5. THE KING DRIVING TO ASCOT WITH THE FRENCH AND RUSSIAN AMBASSADORS.
8. LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN.

3. LORD AND LADY CRICHTON.
6. M. HEILBRON, THE FRENCH TATTERSALL, IN THE PADDOCK.
9. THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau, and Baker and Muggeridge.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Longworths — Prince Olaf — Trondhjem — Saint Olaf —  
"Ducks" — "Don't" Menus.*

A PLEASANT young American couple honeymooning in Europe are being used—very discreetly, of course—as pawns on the diplomatic board. All America is watching with particular interest the reception given to the Longworths in the different countries they are to visit. The Kaiser asked them to spend three days as his guests. King Edward did not do this, but he let it be known that they are amongst the people he is pleased to meet when he does his subjects the honour of dining at their homes, and, I am told, added their names himself to the list of guests for a dinner party at a great house. And the Americans say that, not for the first time, King Edward has shown more tact than his Imperial nephew.

If coming events throw their shadows before them, there may be a prophecy in a pretty little incident which occurred at Trondhjem when King Haakon arrived there on his way to be crowned. The little Prince Olaf took the hand of the little Princess Mary of Wales, and the pair together gravely followed their elders. If in the days to come the heir to the throne of Norway should go a-courting in England, the incident may make the beginning of a royal love romance. Prince Olaf, adored by the Norwegians, may be said to be on his own ground at Trondhjem, for the Cathedral is dedicated to his namesake and used to contain St. Olaf's body.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Norwegians will treat the present Olaf better than they treated their saint. They killed King Olaf at the Battle of Sticklestakt—a name which has a comic ring—because he would not tolerate paganism, and his body was buried on the battlefield by a peasant. It was only when the dead and buried Olaf began to work miracles that the Norwegians began to take interest in him once again, disinterred him, and made his sarcophagus in the Cathedral an object of pilgrimage for the peoples of the North. Englishmen know Trondhjem and its Cathedral well, for the town sheltered behind the island of Munkholmen is one of the places of call for the tourist steamers to the land of the midnight sun, and in one of the chapels of the Domkirke an English service is held on Sundays during the summer.

When in 1899 I visited Trondhjem, going thither as one of a human flock of sheep visiting the Norwegian fjords in a so-called yacht, which was really a comfortable old passenger-steamer too slow to carry mails, the Cathedral was being repaired, the eastern half being finished and the western half being still in ruins. The whole Cathedral has been put into some kind of order for the Coronation,

but until this occasion arose the repairs went on very leisurely, for the workmen have been in the building since 1870, and Norway, which is not a rich country, subscribed 100,000 kronen a year towards the restoration fund.

I became very heartily tired of the name of Olaf before the ship I was on turned her prow homewards. St. Patrick in Ireland never did such wonderful things as St. Olaf, both dead and alive, did in Norway. When his body was brought to Trondhjem, a spring burst forth in the Cathedral; there is a perpendicular cliff at Hornelen which no ordinary mortal could climb, but up which Olaf carried one of his followers; and on the side of one of the mountains is a rock, shaped like a leg of mutton, which is said to have been a piece of salted meat which the sainted King did not find to his taste and flung ashore.

One of the important questions of the moment is: Ought a really smart man to wear duck trousers on a full-dress occasion? There was one pair of white legs in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, and no one could dispute the right of the coolly clad one to be a leader of fashion; but his nether garments attracted almost as much attention as though they had been an example of a new fashion in ladies' hats. The white hat has certainly come into vogue, for King Edward wore one, with a broad black band to indicate mourning, during the Ascot Week. It seems to me reasonable that when the weather is hot enough to wear a white head-covering the coolest possible nether garments are permissible, and any artist would agree that a high light on the head should be balanced by one at the other extremity of the body. As white boots are not considered correct wear with a frock-coat, except upon the jetty at Margate, "ducks" must be held to have proved their right to be fashionably and artistically correct as hot-weather garments.

A suggestion has been made that hostesses should put on the menu-cards a list of subjects to be avoided in conversation—in fact, make them "Don't" menus. If the cards were carefully edited according to the people who were to read them many a young man might be saved from pitfalls. "Do not be facetious at the expense of the purple-faced gentleman sitting opposite to you," and such-like sentences would be danger-signals to the unwary conversationist. There was once a very accomplished lady who, on another tack, tried the experiment of telling her guests what they were to talk about, putting a subject against each course.

The experiment was a brain-tearing process. To be told to discuss the Dutch Primitives with one's fish, when one did not know whether the Primitives were Methodists or painters, was terrible, and before the end of the meal one hated the lady one had taken in to dinner as being a person who knew the lowest depths of one's ignorance.



ONCE ON SHOW AT CREMORNE: A PRESERVED BRAZILIAN BEAUTY.

The body is that of Akusha Kuakuh, of the wild Brazilian tribe, the Botocudos. She was exhibited at Cremorne in 1841, and was the only one of her race ever brought to England alive. She died of our climate at the age of eighteen, three months after she came to this country. Her body was preserved by Dr. Fergusson, of London.—[Photo. supplied by H. Hamilton.]



ACTING TO CURE INSOMNIA: A SLEEPLESS CITY CLERK'S TRAVELLING THEATRE ON THE EMBANKMENT.

Last week Mr. Augustus Herbert Futvoye, a martyr to insomnia, made a Thespian progress along the Embankment in a one-horse brake, thus reverting to the earliest form of dramatic performance. He believes that continual acting is the only cure for sleeplessness. He began his performance at Westminster Bridge at 8 a.m. last Thursday. He sang songs and recited dialogues of his own composition.—[Photograph by Halftones, Ltd.]

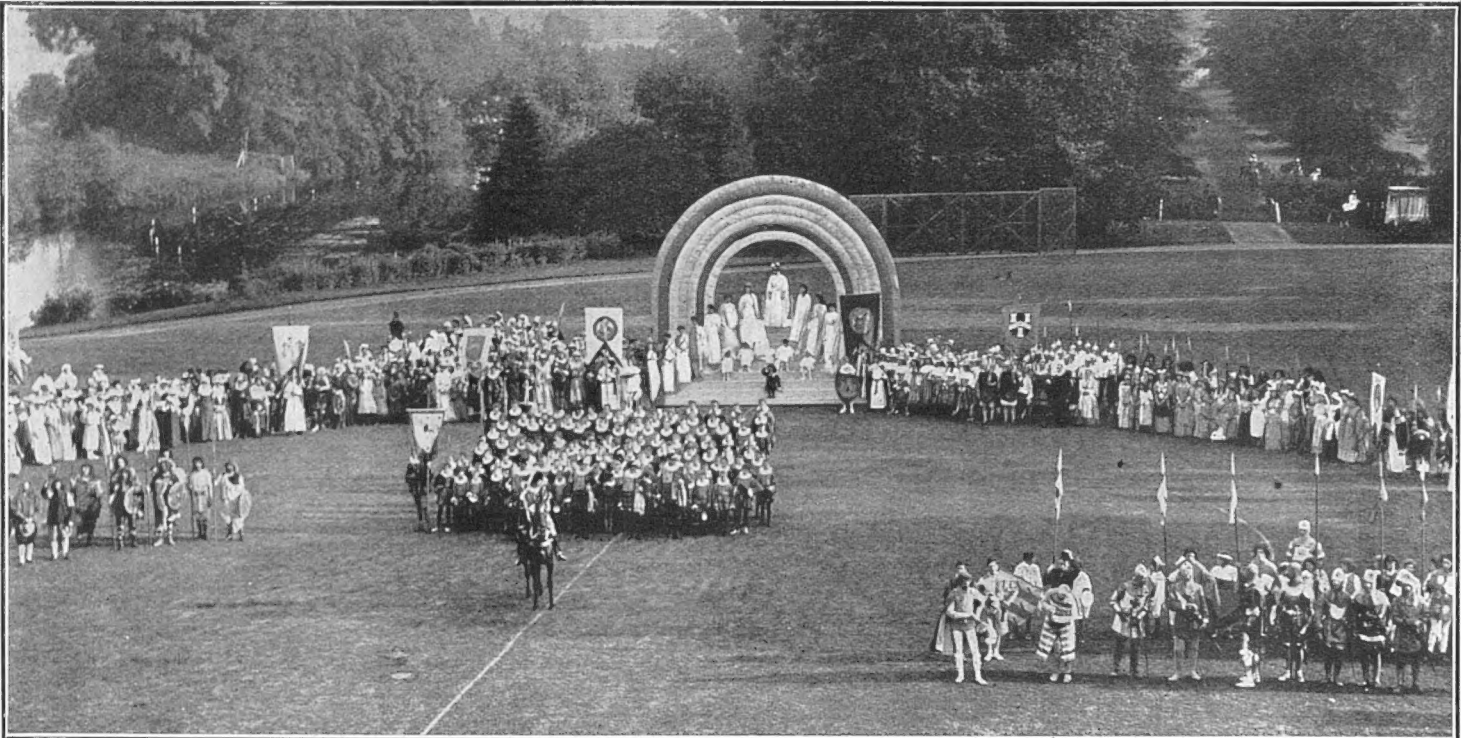


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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING has been having a busy time, the delights of Ascot having been, so to speak, tempered by the German editors. The Queen, who is, of course, still in mourning for her father, has been spending some time in retirement at Sandringham with the younger children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, but it is understood that her Majesty will come up to town for the Court to-morrow evening (June 28). The

King's birthday will be celebrated on Friday (June 29) in London and at all home stations. Both his Majesty and the Queen are to be present at the Trooping of the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade, when Colonel Ferguson, of the Grenadier Guards, who is Field Officer in Brigade Waiting, will be in command of the parade. There will be the usual official dinners given by members of the Government, their Majesties entertaining a family party at Buckingham Palace. It is expected that the King will go on afterwards to the Duchess of Devonshire's reception at Devonshire House. On Saturday (June 30) the King pays his postponed visit to Lord Sandwich at Hinchinbrooke, and inspects the home for waif children which has been built by his Lordship's benevolence on the estate. From Hinchinbrooke the King will go on to Newmarket.

*Priest and Wit.* Father Vaughan, who is causing a flutter in the dovecotes of Mayfair, knows White-chapel as intimately as he knows the West End. He rents, or did rent, a small room in the slums, and there spends two or three evenings a week, his own cook and housekeeper. He is, as the world knows, a brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan, and established a great reputation in Manchester, where he laboured for twenty years. His flock did not know the date of his departure for London. On a certain Sunday evening he preached from the text, "Rise up and go forth; thy place is not here." The significance of the saying was realised next morning, when it was found that, unable to endure the trial of formal leave-taking, the famous priest had left for London overnight. He is a friend of the King, and has that neat wit which delights his Majesty. "What would you do," they asked him when, as the guest of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, he stood beneath the famous picture of Henry VIII., "what would you do, Father, as a Jesuit, if his Majesty were to step out of that canvas?" "I should request the ladies to leave the room," was the immediate answer.

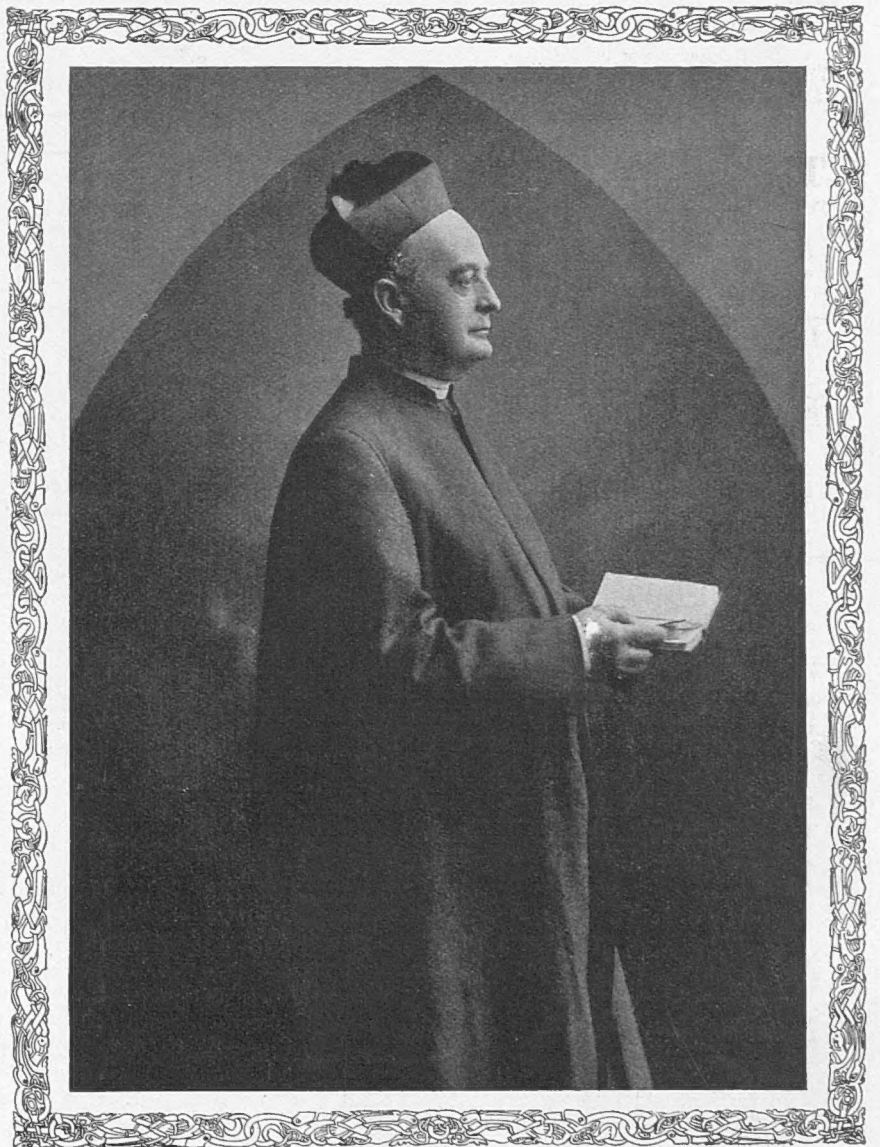
*"Crecy House."* Our guests from the Fatherland, the German editors, if they have read "Lothair," will know something already of Stafford House, where they are entertained this evening. It is the "Crecy House" of the novel, and there enjoys the best description extant. Moreover, the history of it which Disraeli gives is true. It remains, as in his day, one of the most notable of the half-dozen stately structures of which the capital boasts. "My dear, I come from my house to your palace," was the pretty way in which Queen Victoria spoke of it in the days of her friend, the then Duchess. History has been made within its walls. Here Malibran, Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, Patti, have sung, and Ristori and Thellusson recited; here have been heard the strains of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti. It has been the rendezvous, too, of friends of efforts championed by men of such different aims as Garibaldi, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lloyd Garrison. Rogers, the poet, called it a fairy palace, and the Duchess of his day its good fairy. Its sale to the present family has brought many a happy hour to the poor; the proceeds of the deal gave the East End their Victoria Park.

*A Theatre of Roses.* June is the month of roses. The rose lends itself to fêtes and ceremonies. It is the excuse for many a pretty spectacle in France. The prettiest of all, perhaps, has just taken place at the village of Fontenay-aux-Roses, famous,

as you would suppose by its title, for its roses. Situated in the smiling valley of the Bièvre and the Yvette is a splendid rose-garden. It is unique in the world. There are a thousand varieties of the rose grown there. Amongst them are many classes of the wild rose. But in the midst of this fair country of roses is set a wonderful and enchanting structure—a theatre of roses. All its details of columns and arcades, of façade and proscenium, are carried out in the beautiful flower. The other day there was a concert in this marvellous rose-house, given by the "Rosati." Artists from the Paris Opera sang in an atmosphere scented with the sweet breath of a hundred thousand roses.

### *Bridge and the Spa.*

That most distressing complaint, Bridge, which is worse than appendicitis, because you can be operated on for the one and there is no cure for the other, is still raging in Paris. It is endemic. It flourishes in the dog days just as it spreads its virus in the winter. Even the holidays make no sort of difference to it. Bridge never takes a holiday. Society folk are flocking from the capital just now towards Trouville and Cabourg, Aix-les-Bains, Plombières, Vichy, and



A MODERN SAVONAROLA: FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, WHO HAS BEEN PREACHING AGAINST SMART SOCIETY.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street.*

Luchon. But, bless you, Bridge will go there, too. It will take its "cure" like all the world. But it requires a little arranging, of course, and that is the great social occupation at this moment. People sort themselves out according to their maladies. The "rheumatics" go to Aix-les-Bains, the gouty and "throaty" to Vichy, the "livery" elsewhere. And so the great question is, "What is your complaint?" You name your ill and you have your Bridge party made up; you play with your fellow-sufferers.





EILEEN, DAUGHTER OF HENRY MARSHALL,  
OF NORTHAMPTON.

From the miniature by Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds,  
exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1906.

known R.A. Miss Hepburn's experience most felicitous. The Duchess of Sutherland she found most charming and considerate; Lady Cromartie, bright, vivacious, yet very simple and natural; Frances, daughter of the late F. C. Church, bewitching but difficult; Eileen, daughter of Henry Marshall, perhaps the most charming and paintable of all her sitters; while Mrs. Moynihan's brilliance of colour delighted her. Miss Hepburn studied at the Slade School under Professor Fred Brown and at the Westminster School under Mr. Mouat Loudan.

*Fish Out of Water.* Some German chemists have made an important discovery, which they hope will be of great commercial value. After a prolonged series of experiments they have found a method of keeping fish alive out of water for a considerable time. It is a well-known fact that fish live when out of water as long as their gills are not dry, and acting on this knowledge, these Germans have invented a box at the bottom of which is a thick pad of wet linen, which keeps the air sufficiently damp to prevent the fishes' gills from drying. At the side of the box there is, in addition, a reservoir of oxygen, which furnishes the air necessary. The inventors claim that in this manner fish can be kept alive on a journey of three or four days. It would be interesting

*A Prominent Miniaturist.* Miss Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds, some examples of whose miniatures are given on this page, is nothing if not thorough in her work. She is no believer in the miniature that is to all intents and purposes a coloured photograph, and thus it is that she has taken her position as one of the leading miniaturists of the day. That Sir William Richmond thinks highly of her art is evident, for, seeing some examples of her work at the Royal Academy on vanishing day, he volunteered to recommend her as a miniature portrait-painter, a courtesy keenly appreciated and much to the credit of the well-

a Parliamentary sense, the Bill survives its author. Mr. Agar-Robartes associated in the House with Lord Dalmeny. He was one of the few Roseberyites among the young men, and one of the few young aristocrats on the Liberal side.

#### *An Interesting Industrial Scheme.*

The Home-Work Co-operative Society, which has held several successful exhibitions of work at its Regent Street Rooms, has recently removed to more suitable premises in a ground-floor shop at 2, South Molton Street, which will amply repay a visit by those who are interested in the revival of all sorts of artistic embroidery, lace-making and so forth.



FRANCES, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE  
FRANK C. CHURCH.

From the miniature by Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds,  
exhibited at the New Gallery, 1906.

The society has the double aim of finding a remunerative market for the skilled work of ladies in reduced circumstances, and at the same time of raising the standard of taste in needlecraft, and saving many beautiful kinds of work from becoming extinct. All the work is carried out under the supervision of ladies having an intimate knowledge of the best that has been produced in needlecraft, and is mostly copied from carefully selected, and often unique, old models. As the society enjoys the advantage of the assistance of some of our leading artists, its taste may safely be relied upon; at the same time its prices compare favourably with those constantly paid for inferior work at many well-known shops. The society is also making a very successful attempt to revive, or found, village industries; and classes are now actively at work in several villages making gold and silver laces, gimps and trimmings, after the old patterns. These industries already show signs of improving the condition of village workers, and bid fair to be a most interesting experiment. The society's productions include the copying of old chair-covers, curtains, quilts, panels for rooms and screens, heraldic embroideries, and the adaptation of old designs to workboxes, Bridge-boxes, and all sorts of bags and other things useful for gifts. They also make a specialty of reviving old white



THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

From the miniature by Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds,  
exhibited at the New Gallery, 1906.

Photographs by Gray.

to learn the opinion of the fish on this form of kindness.

#### *Unseated, but Popular.*

"Mr. Speaker, I would not mind betting," is a phrase which endeared Mr. Agar-Robartes to the House of Commons, and many of those who heard it regret that he has been unseated. Although it was not Parliamentary, it was more vivid than "I venture to assert." Mr. Agar-Robartes will be remembered also as the member who, before being unseated, carried through Committee the most important unofficial Bill of the Session—namely, the Land Tenure Bill. In

embroideries, and their designs in collars, children's frocks, robes, house-linen, etc., are quite unlike anything to be found elsewhere. For ladies who desire to turn their painting to account, opportunities of work are given in the production of beautiful painted ribbons, dresses, and scarves, all copied from old fabrics. In fact, there are many charming scarves of all sorts, and anyone who prefers an uncommon scarf to the kind that is being worn by everyone could make a good choice here. There are also to be found among the models the society has collected some beautiful old bead bags, necklets, and embroideries.



MRS. MOYNIHAN, WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN  
SURGEON.

From the miniature by Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

From the miniature (unfinished) by Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds.



*The Princess of Monaco.*

As much at home in London as in Paris is the clever and cultivated Princess of Monaco—indeed, since her second marriage she has always had an English lady-in-waiting, and when hostess of the splendid old castle in the principality from which her husband takes his title she was always specially kindly in her reception of British visitors. Most people are aware that the Princess was related to the great poet Heine; fewer know that she is half-American by birth. As Mlle. Alice Heine, she was one of the greatest of Parisian heiresses, and in earliest youth she became the wife of the late Duc de Richelieu. Her husband died prematurely, and for nine years she was one of the most beautiful and courted of widows in the great cosmopolitan world. Then, in the October of 1889, she became the wife of the then heir-apparent of the Prince of Monaco.

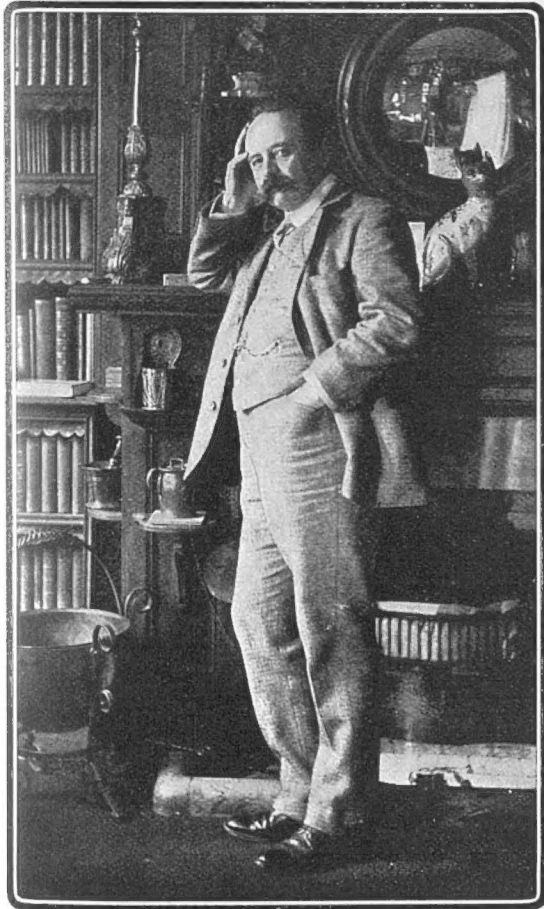
*The Warwick Pageant-Maker.*

Mr. Louis N. Parker, so well known as a playwright, has been devoting the whole of his time of late to the wonderful pageant which is to take place early next month in the grounds of Warwick Castle. The task confided to Mr. Parker is no light one; he has had to train and rehearse some two thousand persons, and the rehearsals have been directed by him by means of a megaphone, otherwise it would have been impossible to convey general instructions to so immense a crowd of actors and actresses. The pageant will take place on a beautiful piece of sward sloping down to the banks of the Avon, and if the weather be only propitious, nothing more beautiful will ever have been seen in rural England. The scenes represented will epitomise the history of Warwick Castle, and perhaps the most exquisite portion of the pageant will be that showing Queen Elizabeth sailing on the Avon in a barge exactly copied from an old Elizabethan picture.



THE FIRST REIGNING HEBREW IN EUROPE  
THE PRINCESS OF MONACO.

Photograph by Blanc.



PARKER THE PAGEANT-MAKER: MR. LOUIS N. PARKER.

Photograph by Mills

the most popular girls in London Society, has won golden opinions in the neighbourhood of her husband's beautiful Irish home, Abbeylax, in Queen's County. Lord de Vesci, though a keen soldier—it will be

remembered that last year he went to Toronto in charge of the band of the Irish Guards—is no absentee landlord. His was a shamrock wedding, and, after a short honeymoon at Longleat, the young Peer and his bride went "home" to Ireland. Abbeylax has reason to be grateful to Lord de Vesci, for he has founded there a most prosperous carpet industry, and one of the most valued gifts received by Lady de Vesci was a silver tray from the carpet-workers. Abbeylax House occupies the site of a Cistercian Abbey, and it is a delightful old mansion, full of beautiful and interesting things.



A RECENT BRIDE: THE VISCOUNTESS DE VESCI.

Photograph by Langflier.

*The Baroness von Sternberg.*

It is strange that German diplomatists so much prefer to wed fair foreigners to the gentle fräuleins of their own country. A case in point is that of Baron Speck von Sternberg, who probably owes his post as the Kaiser's Ambassador at Washington to the fact that the Baroness is of American birth. Stolen sweets are proverbially the nicest, and till lately German diplomatists were forbidden to wed foreigners; indeed, one distinguished diplomat was actually compelled to resign his position at Peking on his marriage to a beautiful American. William II. is wiser in his generation than were his forebears. He delights in these international matches, and, far from frowning on those Benedicks who go abroad for their wives, he pays those accomplished foreigners who thus become his subjects special attention. Prince Henry of Pless and Baron von Eckhardstein were both connected with the German Embassy in London when they wooed and won their British better halves, and the Countess von Bülow, the wife of the statesman to whom the Kaiser is so devoted and to whom he confides so many of his secrets, is Italian by birth.



A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN WASHINGTON  
SOCIETY: BARONESS STERNBERG, THE WIFE  
OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

Photograph by Waldon Farwell.

*Economy in Wives.* Paris was horribly disappointed that Sisowath left his wives behind. It was thought to be safer. However, they are to come to Paris later on. He has brought only the tiniest sample of his wives—not more than eight—or one per cent. But they are enjoying themselves, these dear little Princesses. When they drive out they smile and kiss their hands to the crowd, which, Parisian-like, says pretty things to them. The Princes, too, in spite of their names, are bearing up wonderfully. Would you like to be introduced? They are Essaravong, Duong Mathura, Monivong, Sophonovong, and Chantalekha. Not knowing their pet names, we cannot give them. The crowd in Paris has nicknamed the King "Bamboula," though no one knows why. "Vive Bamboula!" they cry, and his dusky Majesty takes off the royal chummie. All the little Princes wear the "shampot," too, so that, evidently, to be a big pot you must wear a shampot in Cambodia.

*A Viscountess of 1906.*

The young Viscountess de Vesci, who was before her marriage Miss Georgiana Wellesley, one of



## AN ACTOR HIS OWN DRAMATIC CRITIC.

*Mr. Huntley Wright on "See-See," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.*

"SEE-SEE" is a comedy with music for the audience. For me it is a blood-curdling tragedy. It marks my return to Chinatown, and after I had played Li, in "San Toy," I registered a solemn vow that I would never play another pigtail part as long as I lived. Now I have broken that vow. That is why I call it a tragedy. Perhaps I ought to call it a farce, for why should one have the pleasure of making vows except for the greater pleasure of breaking them?

The reasons which induced me to make that vow were personal rather than artistic. People began to make aspersions on my birth, and believed that, like the sage who

... Lived in days  
of yore,  
I a handsome pigtail  
wore,

even though, un-  
like him, I did not  
Wonder much and  
sorrow more  
Because it hung be-  
hind him.

These good friends even thought I kept my pigtail concealed under my coat, like a real Chinaman. In fact, one lady asked me if the reason my hats were so large was because my pigtail was coiled up inside it!

To add weight to that vow I actually got Mr. George Edwardes to agree to a clause in my contract that he was not to ask me to play any more Chinese or Oriental characters. I do not believe that an actor should play one type of part. The man who can do no more is a poor type of actor. He gets into a groove, and that does not make for good work.

Easy as the proverbial descent into Avernus

was the sliding-scale of events which landed me in the bottomless pit to which all breakers of vows are consigned.

After I had played the Babu part in "The Cingalee," Mr. Edwardes produced "The Little Michus." I did not like my part, so I asked him to release me from the remaining two years of my contract. He did so, and I entered into another contract with Mr. Frohman. As playgoers know, I acted with him for a season in "The Mountain Climber." Then he asked me to go into this Chinese opera for a time. It became a question of disappointing my manager or breaking my vow. Bang went the vow.

It is curious that the revival of "The Geisha" should have come into such close approximation with the production of "See See," and that my brother should have succeeded me as Wun Hi, the first of the three Chinese parts I have now played. Wun was the first Chinese part which had been seen in London for a long time. The character was therefore fresh, for a new generation of playgoers had arisen since Mr. Willie Edouin made his great success as The Heathen Chinese. Even now, although ten years have elapsed since "The Geisha" was produced, people still quote Wun Hi, and talk of "temptation" for money, and refer to a man's fiancée as his "fiasco." Such verbal

pleasantries were the outcome of the fact that Wun Hi spoke pidgin English, for he was the one Chinaman among the English-speaking characters. In "See-See," Hang-Kee—who is evidently a near relation of Hang-Kee-Pang-Kee, the most familiar of all Celestials—has no such advantage, for as he appears only in Chinese surroundings, his fun has to be got entirely out of the character, without any adventitious aid from the dialect.

In developing the possibilities of the story, Mr. Sidney Jones has written some music which will, I think, be as popular as "The Geisha." More than that it would be impossible for anyone to ask,

as it would be difficult for any musician to achieve, for "The Geisha" ran for two years.

While the play has been adapted from the French, the book has been subjected to so much revision that it is, I believe, to all intents and purposes, a new work. Being a comedy with music, and not a musical comedy, the words spoken will be—shall we say often, quite often?—those which have been set down for us. This, I need hardly say, makes the work easier for the actor who is actor only, for sometimes he has also to double the part of author without being put on the programme.

When Mr. Edwardes produced "The Geisha" Wun-Hi was, up to the dress rehearsal, one of the smallest parts in the play. After the rehearsal, Mr. Edwardes announced the postponement of the production for a week, and during

the interval my part grew and grew and grew until it was quite grown up.

That fact emphasises one of the important distinctions between musical comedy and comedy with music. In comedy with music you have to keep to the restrictions of the character which you are playing. In musical comedy you do not even keep to the restrictions of the characters the other actors are playing. That reduces the entertainment to pantomime. Now pantomime is a very good thing in its own way, but it is not musical comedy; still less is it comedy with music. If one can play in comedy with music it is, I think, as interesting work for the actor as playing in comedy without music. The thing which is not interesting is playing in musical comedy without the comedy.

As "See-See" has more plot than most musical pieces, as it has been produced by Mr. George Edwardes, mention of whose name is a fact not merely for publication, but is a guarantee of good faith to the public that everything has been done in the best possible way, and as the actors have worked with the best will in the world, we naturally expect it to have a very long run. Chinese plays take weeks to be played out. We hope "See-See" will take years. A long run is the only thing that can possibly reconcile me to that broken vow.



MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT "MAKING-UP" FOR HIS PART IN "SEE-SEE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

*Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.*



CUBICLES THAT DEFEAT CRIBBING :

WHERE THE STUDIOUS CHINAMAN WORKS FOR THE WOODEN SPOON.



BUNKS FOR B.A.s: THE FAMOUS EXAMINATION - CELLS IN CANTON.

Our photograph shows the rows of cells in the great examination-hall at Canton. Competitors for the degree of B.A. were, during their examination, isolated in these quaint cubicles.

*Stereograph Copyright by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.*





By E. A. B.

**Nothing New.** We may soon expect to hear, as a result of the San Francisco earthquake, that more elaborate appliances are being devised for the recording of seismic disturbances. We cannot prevent the earthquake; our Milnes can tell us the danger-zones, and we have to take the risk in building within them. But we want to know more. Wonderful as are the results which Professor Milne obtains, it is amazing to note that, relatively, we have progressed little in the last two centuries. Sir John Resesby, when travelling in Italy, midway through the seventeenth century, recorded the existence of what may be regarded as the primitive forerunner of the modern seismographic instrument. "Either by land or sea, if you see the fire of a cannon or hear the report, and desire to know at what distance it is from you, this instrument infallibly shows it, as they say, to a quarter of a mile, by the knocking of a leaden plummet, fastened by a string, against the wood of the instrument." If cannon-fire, why not earthquakes?

#### Different Aspects.

Father Bernard Vaughan, having taken lance in hand, is playing havoc with the ranks of the Smart Set. But the latter may find comfort, perhaps, in the reflection that if their ways be all that their critic alleges, they have illustrious precedent for certain of their sins. For did not Palmerston d—the clergyman who sought, as he said, to "intrude religion into the sacred sphere of private life"? The fact seems to be that when matters look worst with some people then is the time when they are most ready for conversion. Note the case of the gentleman who went, with several sheets in the wind, to discuss theology with his minister. The latter bade him return when sober. "Na, na, minister," was the answer, "when I'm sober I dinna care a — for releeigious conversation."

**The Peril of Suez.** The sensational attack upon British officers in Egypt, which is now under official investigation, is a reminder that not quite all the old fires are extinguished; they smoulder here and there. Surviving troubles are trivial, however, in comparison with those through which we have been safely borne. When Mr. A. J. Butler was out there as tutor to the present Khedive, the latter's late father said to him, reporting the death of the Chief of the 'Ulema, head of all the Dervishes in Egypt, "He was a great fanatic, and once told me that if England treated Egypt badly he would order all his 450,000 men to go to the Suez Canal and fill it up!" The mystery of Edward Henry Palmer's visit to Egypt, ending in his awful death—murdered in the wilderness—had its explanation in the attempt to safeguard the Canal. It was his mission by fair words and good gold to detach the Arab tribes from Arabi's hosts, and so to safeguard the Canal, or prepare for its instant repair in case of damage. He succeeded marvellously, though Lord Wolseley's operations proved his labours unnecessary.

#### A Very Warm Welcome.

Until their Majesties the King and Queen of Norway settle down in their Norwegian palace guests must forgive them if they find some of the arrangements a little less elaborate than characterise other European Courts. The German Emperor in his forthcoming visit, loving his morning tub, will naturally tread warily, for he cannot have forgotten the incident of King Leopold's bath on the occasion of his visit to the Potsdam Stadt Schloss. There, as at some other places in the world, accommodation is limited, and an ingenious official had fixed up for the royal visitor a temporary bath, warmed by gas-jets placed beneath one end of the contrivance. The King stepped in at the cool end and sat down at the other. There rang through the castle a yell which made the sentries call out the guard, and sent officers trooping to the royal bath-room in the belief that the King of the Belgians was being murdered. His Majesty lives to suppress the story, but he did not mount his steed for the military review organised in his honour on the morrow.

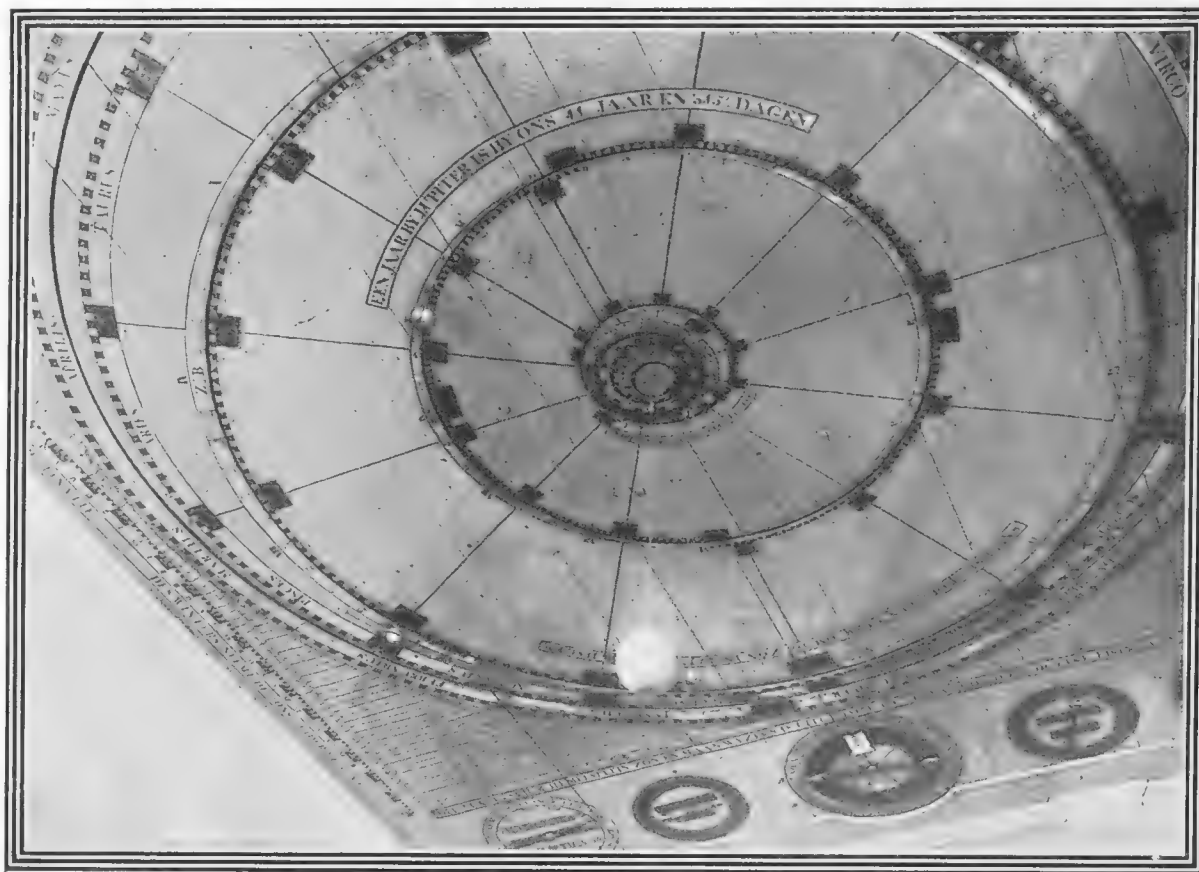
#### The Indiscretion of Jenny.

The reprehensible habit which "Zoo" apes have of dying prevents our adding to our knowledge of their habits and manners. The "educated" gorillas which appear from time to time at the London halls are very interesting, no doubt, but for natural intelligence one of the old-time "Zoo" pets still holds the record. This was "Jenny," the orang-outang, which

Owen helped to make famous. He and his wife used frequently to visit her ladyship, and one entry in their joint diary is well worth recalling. Jenny, they declared, certainly attempted speech, as far as her powers permitted. "When she is fond of a person, she puts her strong arms round his neck, and makes a curious noise, like an attempt to utter caressing words, opening the lips and moving them as though trying to make certain sounds." One day she made her way to a window, and did not immediately return at the summons of her keeper. He pretended to be offended, and she "ran up to him, put her arms round his neck, whispering to him and kissing him, till he seemed to forgive her."

#### Bread Upon the Waters.

The alarming stories now being told of Anarchists in London hatching evil plots may make it worth while to be "in the know" with a view to possibilities. It might once have saved London a disaster had advantage been taken of Lord Shaftesbury's secret knowledge. One of his pensioners, a rough fellow from Clerkenwell, called upon the philanthropist and told him of a plot which he had overheard in a public-house to blow up Clerkenwell Prison. Lord Shaftesbury hurried off to Whitehall to communicate the story to the authorities. But, as he had to withhold the name of his informer, the powers of the hour refused to give heed to the warning. And Clerkenwell Prison was blown up in the manner described in advance by the grateful reprobate of the Earl's acquaintance.



THE FAMOUS CLOCK AT FRANEKER, HOLLAND: THE PLANETORIUM.

The clock was made by Eise Eising. There are 103 wheels, all made of oak except two, which are of brass. The planetarium tells the time of day, the month, the year, and the position of the sun, moon, and planets.—[Photograph by Park.]





OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



WONDERLAND ON THE SEA-FLOOR: A LANDSCAPE.

Divers can descend no further than forty yards, as they are unable to resist the pressure, so that it is only from imagination that the utmost depths can be portrayed.



WONDERLAND ON THE SEA-FLOOR: AN OCEAN GARDEN.

On the sea-floor are veritable gardens, in which the flowers are anemones, the creatures that form so curious a link between the animal and the plant.



JEALOUSY INCARNATE IN THE DEPTHS: THE GREEN-EYED DOG-FISH.

It is only lately that the dredging-net has revealed the extraordinary wonders of life in the lower depths. Among the most grotesque of the creatures that have come to light is the green-eyed dog-fish.



THE PARAKEET OF THE DEEP.

The fish that are dredged up from extreme depths are very often of strange and disconcerting shapes. The monster in the photograph, which has a beak like a parakeet, was found in the Bay of California.



IN THE SUBMARINE FOREST: A LONELY TREE.

Plants of the lower depths are really animals, and are of chalky or flinty formation. The plants in their branches and foliage form curious imitations of forest trees.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



THE GOGOL PLAY—"SUZERAINE"—"THE MACLEANS OF BAIRNESS"—"SEE-SEE."

THE Stage Society, in presenting Gogol's farce, "The Inspector-General," relied rashly on a *nunc pro tunc* feeling in the audience. We were expected to revel in the novelty of a play fresh enough in 1836, but now caused to seem stale because of other works founded upon it. Woe to the pioneers in art, for they find few capable of appreciating their works, unless of stupendous ability. Still, the foundation of the play is very funny, and some at least of us laughed heartily at the idea of the corrupt officials endeavouring to influence an irresponsible young scamp supposed, quite wrongly, to be a disguised Government inspector. Unfortunately, for once the Society's performance fell below the necessary standard. Mr. J. Pollock's play, "The Invention of Dr. Metzler," was an elaborate short melodrama, and the trouble taken in understanding the mass of facts crammed into it was not fairly rewarded.

It is flattering to London to give the *première* of M. Nicodemi's play, "Suzeraine," at the New Royalty, unless, indeed, its production was in the nature of a trial upon the dog—which I suspect, Madame Réjane, one of the rare players of genius, is always interesting, and from a certain point of view, her endeavour to represent the headstrong, romantic young girl was quite fascinating. It is vital to the play that the heroine should seem utterly unsophisticated, and no one can feel surprised that the actress appeared artificial. At the present moment there is a mania among eminent players to choose characters in which, at the best, they can but accomplish splendid failures. M. Nicodemi—or the late Henry Harland, of whose novel "The Lady Paramount" the play is acknowledged to be an adaptation—has written some clever dialogue and invented a romantic, pretty story, in which, however, there is too little of opposition for the dramatic to assert itself. There really was not a moment when we could "make-believe" to ourselves that the first-sight lovers would not get married and live happy ever after.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell seems out of luck. Her second play is not so good as the first, and her acting in it seemed to show a kind of depression. No one who had never seen her before would have guessed from her Margaretta Sinclair that several of her performances are among the most cherished memories of the critical, nor, judging by the plays she has given this season, have imagined that as manager she has been distinguished by courage and a fine sense of art. There is nothing to be said against Mrs. Lyttelton's play—and this is perhaps the most disheartening feature of it. Radical faults, grave errors of judgment, may appear in a work which nevertheless inspires us with hope and makes us look forward to the next with curiosity. "The Macleans of Bairness" has a plot which if not novel might serve very well; unfortunately, the execution is poor. The characters do not live; the dialogue, a few passages excepted, has not the untamed, unrestrained eloquence of the undisciplined dramatist of noteworthy ability; the sense of theatrical effect is lacking,

and the technique is so indifferent that there were quite different ideas in the house as to what was supposed to have happened at the end of the third act, when Margaretta, apparently with the intention of interrupting a deadly conversation—long after the mischief was done—pulled off the supper table-cloth and threw down the lamps, thereby putting the stage and the audience into darkness. Perhaps the dramatist is not to be blamed for the fact that the disguise of the fugitive Prince was so ridiculously inadequate as to cause some of the audience to titter; it is, however, a mystery of the stage that, in a play duly rehearsed, anything so absurd can be permitted.

It often happens that in the theatre people are supposed to be deceived by a disguise that would not mislead a village constable, and, seeing that it is necessary that the audience should recognise the disguised person, one may accept inadequacy of concealment of identity as based on an acceptable convention. Yet one can push the convention too far. *Cucullus non facit monachum*, and the mere fact that a young man is wearing a short black cloak would hardly cause people looking for him in hopes of earning fifty thousand pounds by his capture to mistake him for a priest! As I have suggested, Mrs. Campbell's acting was far below her own standard—this, perhaps, was due to her handling the part as if it were a subtle psychological study, instead of a piece of plain melodrama. Yet she had some very moving moments. Miss Carlotta Addison and Messrs. Mark Kinghorne, McCarthy, and Poulton acted very well, if without great success.

"See-See," the musical comedy at the Prince of Wales's, may be an adaptation of "La Troisième Lune," by MM. Fred Gresac and Paul Ferrier, but is remarkably like the mere British musical comedies. China is the home of the story, and the chief Chinaman is Mr. Huntley Wright. The book is by Mr. Charles Brookfield, Mr. Sidney Jones has written the music, the lyrics are by Adrian Ross, and there are even additional lyrics from the pen of Percy Greenbank. We feel quite at

home. Mr. Jones is in good form: his work is not quite so tuneful as it has been, but always has a certain distinction and gracefulness. Mr. Brookfield might, so far as cleverness in the dialogue is concerned, be non-existent; however, he has arranged for Mr. Huntley Wright and Mr. W. H. Berry several opportunities of being quite funny. For the rest, there is a sort of a plot in which a lady, kept in seclusion and yearning for love, substitutes herself and her friends for a bride and bridal party to save another girl from marrying a man she does not love; and many popular favourites, including Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Miss Adrienne Augarde, Miss Amy Augarde, Miss Gabrielle Ray, and Miss Denise Orme, receive enthusiastic welcomes and play their parts with their customary tunefulness and spirit. The question may be asked, Why is it all done in such a glaring light? The effect is very gorgeous, but fatiguing.



THE REVIVAL OF THE BALLET AT THE ROYAL OPERA: MLE. BONI, THE PRIMA BALLERINA.

Photograph by Klary.



## IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE BELLE.

TORTURES TO AID BEAUTY.

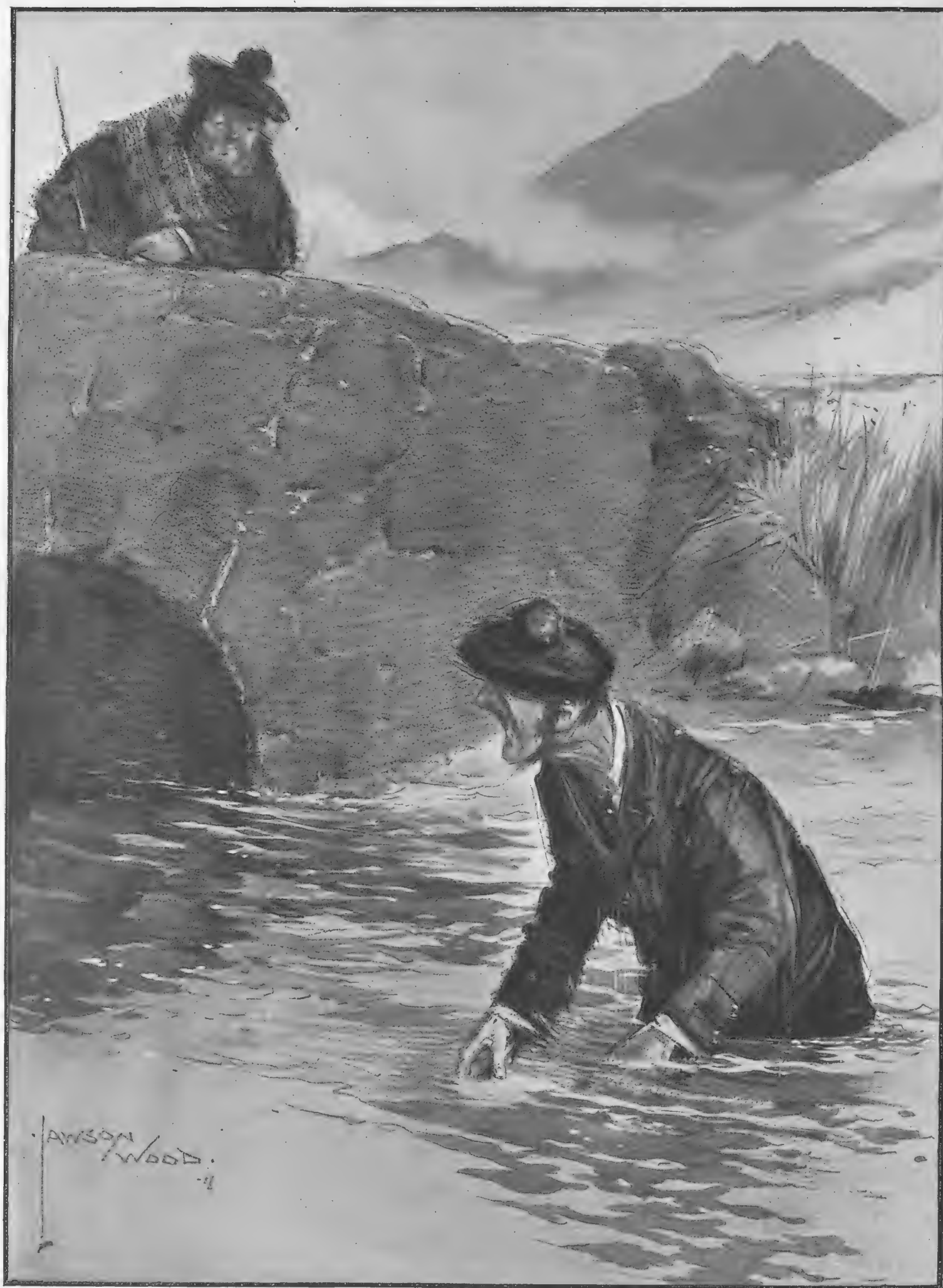


1. BRINGING DOWN A PROMINENT UPPER LIP.
2. CORRECTING A FALL OF THE CHEEKS.
3. TREATING THE NOSTRILS WITH SPECIAL UNGUENTS.
4. ENAMELLING THE COMPLEXION.
5. CORRECTING THE FORM OF THE NOSE.
6. TAKING OUT WRINKLES OF THE FOREHEAD.
7. SOFTENING THE COMPLEXION.

From remote antiquity the cult of beauty has existed in high civilisation, and to-day it is again very much in vogue. The process is not always agreeable, but the devotees consider that they are repaid for any passing pain they may suffer.



## BUSINESS, NOT PLEASURE.



DONALD (*from the bridge*): Ae, Sandy, man, I'm fair asham't o' ye, breakin' the Lord's Day bathin', an' wi' yer Sawbath claes on tae.  
SANDY (*from the river*): Bathin'! I'm no bathin'! I've lost ma bawbee for the plate.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



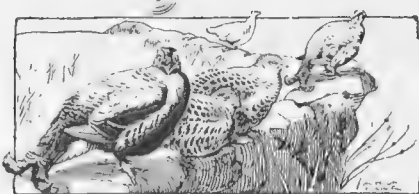
## A DRY CLEAN.

"ALL PRISONERS, ON ADMISSION, SHALL BE COMPELLED TO TAKE A BATH."—PRISON REGULATION.



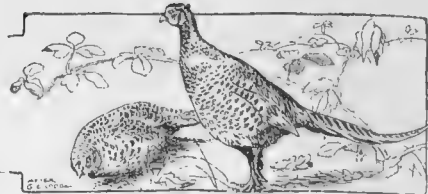
NEW ARRIVAL: I say, guv'nor, I don't want no bath. Couldn't you do me with one of these 'ere vacuum cleaners?

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.



## WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

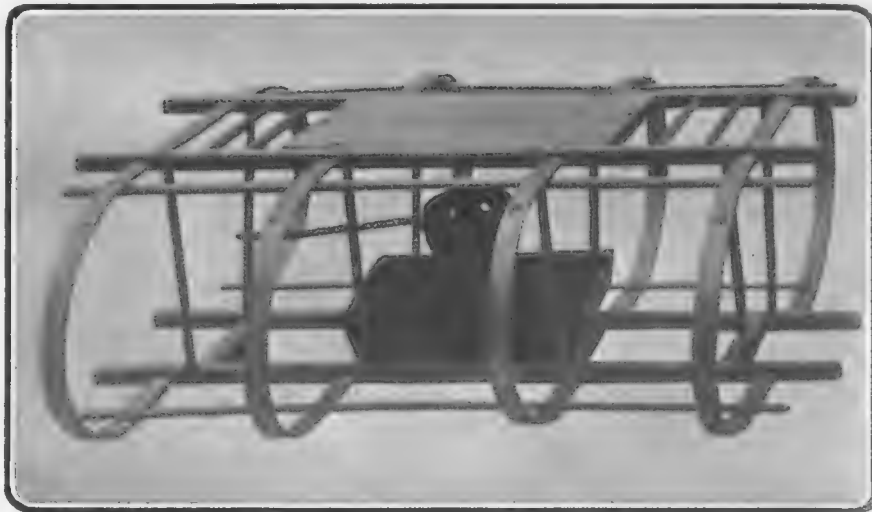


*Still on the Land.* I was referring last week to the land craze and its victims, and the subject is perhaps sufficiently interesting to justify me in returning to it without excuse. I want, in the first place, to repeat my statement that no man who does not know the country, but wishes to live there, should buy land in the summer-time. Shortly after Whitsuntide, I went down to stay with friends in a part of the country that I know very well, and drove through a district where large notice-boards called upon the public to buy land upon easy terms and at low prices, and to set up bungalows and cottages amid charming rural surroundings. As I looked out over June meadows and little strips of woodland the invitation seemed to be a very reasonable one. Any unprejudiced person might have seen a splendid opportunity for the tired man from London who wanted to spend his hours of leisure away from town. Then I cast my memory back little more than three months, when I had been in the same district—and most of the land was under water. It is only fair to say that the plots offered to the public are not on the fields that are generally invisible during the winter months, but they command a fine view of them, and the winter damp must be unconquerable. All the low-lying fields are water-logged, nothing but a little coarse grass will grow there, and the district is impossible for six months out of twelve. But as soon as "proud-pied April" comes along, and spring sunshine begins to have the inevitable effect upon the soddened fields, the notice-boards manage to achieve a fresh coat of paint, and by the time June has dried the land thoroughly and given the coarse grass a deceptive appearance of quality, there is a fine trap for the unwary.

*All Right in the Summer Time.* Not so very long ago I went into that part of the country, sought a man who was interested in a sale of some of the rubbish land, and entered into conversation with him. I stated that I was a Londoner and thought of living in the country, and he told me that I could not do better than come into that part. I asked him the advantages, and they appeared to lie in the facts that land tax is redeemed, there is no tithe, and there are no law costs. I listened carefully to all that was said, putting questions that compelled the agent to hold a very uneven balance between veracity and commerce. At last I asked about the water-supply. "Oh," he said, in an off-hand manner, "there is plenty of water about here." "Yes," I replied slowly; "I have seen fields full of it every winter since I first knew this part ten years ago; but it is not fit to drink, and I do not believe you have got a good

represented a commission. To be sure, winter visitors could not be expected to buy, they might even be allowed to have their little joke; but they must be discreet, or the silly man from the suburbs whose thoughts turned to some summer home among the fields might be scared away.

*Wanted—Spring-Water.* One may take it for granted that if land in plots is put up for sale in remote country places it can have little agricultural value. As long as agricultural land is worth £1 an acre, or even less, it is worth cultivating, and



THE HOT-WATER BOTTLE'S ANCESTOR: A QUAIN BED-WARMER.

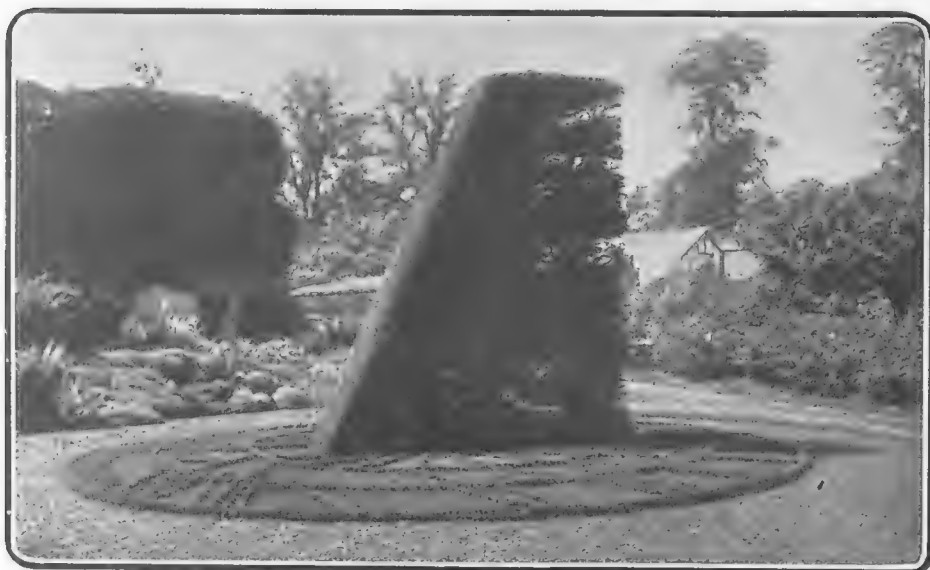
This antique bed-warmer, a forerunner even of the warming-pan, consists of a wooden framework, in the centre of which was the brazier for charcoal. The framework, of course, kept the brazier clear of the bed-clothes.

if it is not worth cultivating one may reasonably look either for a very heavy clay soil—what farmers call three-horse land—or some natural disadvantage, such as lack of water, that is bound to prejudice people who seek to live there. In times past there was far less trouble with the water-supply than there is to-day. In many parts of the country that now suffer from drought, water could be obtained with very little difficulty; but trees have been cut down in all directions, and factories are sometimes set up in country districts, and a very few deep wells serve to tap the supplies that went to the parish pump before. In very dry country it may be necessary to spend £300 or £400 upon the sinking of a well, and the land that is offered in plots at low prices payable on the instalment system is often waterless. You find one or two butts by the sides of the cottages to collect the drain-water from the roof, and, as a rule, you find a soft-water tank; but the summer drought is very deadly, and a water-famine is as cruel an affliction as any that befalls the countryside. No man who is not prepared to face the heavy expense of sinking a well should settle in any part of the land that cannot show a good water record, and all stories about the health of the village folk who thrive upon rain-water should be disregarded. Custom and environment have a lot to say in these matters. Men and women who have been brought up on soft water may well thrive upon it, while those who have been better served will suffer from the change.

### The Period of Probation.

As a rule, the man who settles in the country should be prepared to pay his way for the first, second, or third years. He will have to find out, by experiences that are often costly and bitter, what the land will accept and what it will reject in the way of corn, vegetables, and fruit-trees. He has to remember that no produce can be reckoned profitable until it has been gathered, sold, and paid for. The most promising crop may be spoiled by a storm when it is just ready for gathering, a splendid summer may lead to a wet harvest, or, if

all goes well, the crop may be so heavy throughout the country that prices are beneath contempt. Even the fruit-farmer, who is popularly supposed to make quite a lot of money in good years, must be content to ask nothing from his orchards for the first few seasons if he would keep his trees in good heart. The Londoner who thinks that cows are always in milk and hens lay eggs every day, and that harvest is the inevitable outcome of seeding-time, has much to learn.



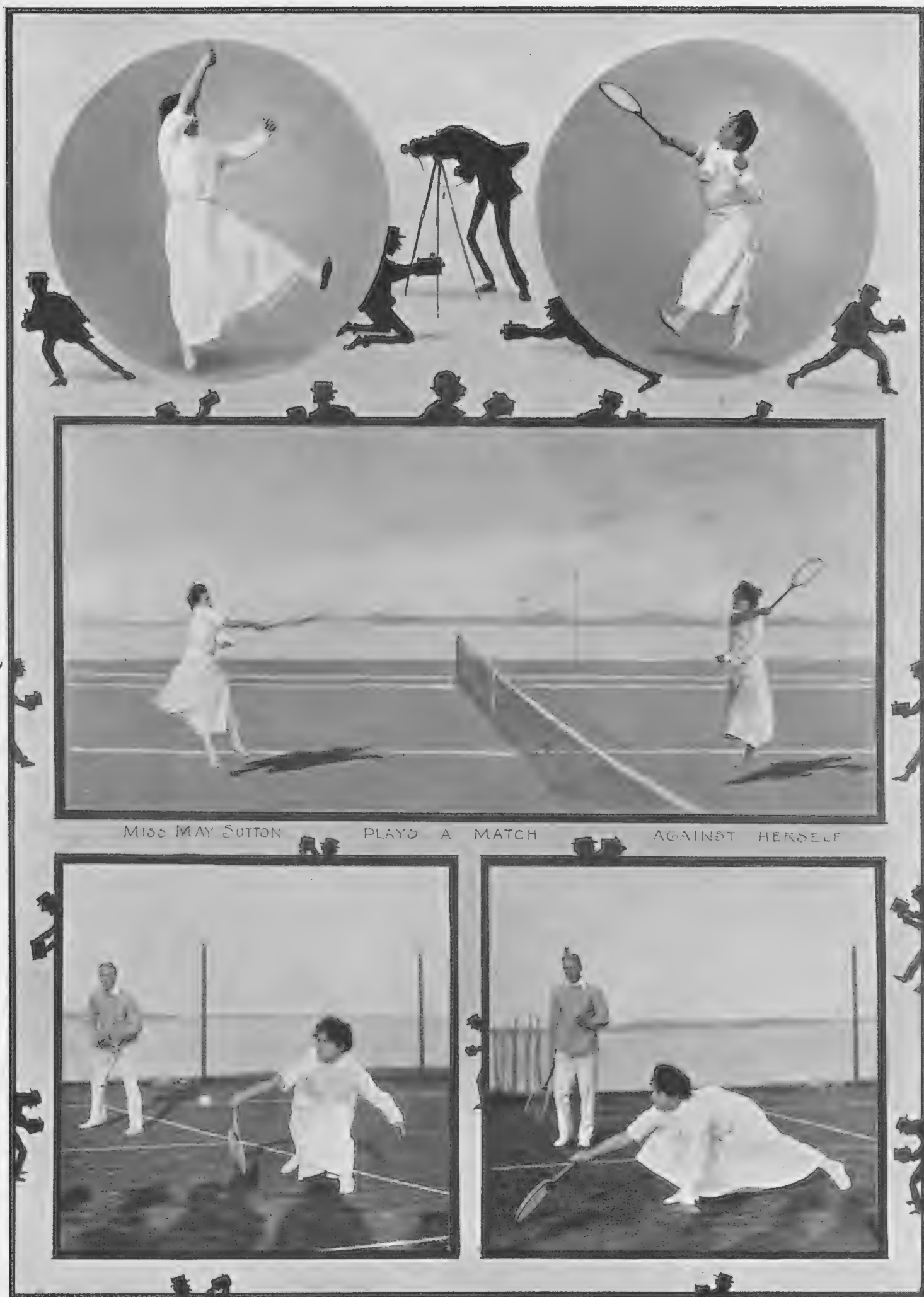
A LIVING SUNDIAL.

In the grounds adjacent to Wentworth Castle is to be seen a unique sundial, which is composed of a fine yew-tree for the pin and closely cropped box bushes for the Roman figures and borderings. It was planted over two hundred years ago, and is still in a good state of preservation. Its timekeeping, moreover, compares favourably with sundials of more modern construction.

well within three miles of this place." I fully expected an explosion, but the man simply burst out laughing, and said that now he understood my former questions and saw that I had been joking all the time. At the same time, he hoped that "if I didn't want the property, I wouldn't spoil it." There was no attempt to disguise the facts of the case. For three months or more the land was saleable and attractive, fools were rising like trout to May flies, and every man



THE CAMERA CANNOT LIE: THE GRACE OF TENNIS-PLAYING.



MISS MAY SUTTON PLAYS A MATCH AGAINST HERSELF

MISS MAY SUTTON AT THE VOLLEY AND HALF-VOLLEY.

*Photographs by Grantham Bain.*

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A MEMOIR of the late William Allingham is to be written by his accomplished widow, who is best known as Miss Helen Paterson, the artist. William Allingham is now forgotten by the public, and he never was very well known. Yet few men lived more in the centre of literary life in the last half of the nineteenth century than this bright and clever Irish poet. Allingham, one surmises, must have had some difficulty in picking up a livelihood, for his verses were never widely popular, though one or two snatches still survive, and among them that beautiful lyric commencing—

I walked in this lonesome evening,  
And who so sad as I,  
When I saw the young men and  
maiden  
Merrily passing by?  
To thee, my love, to thee,  
So fain would I come to thee;  
While the ripples fold upon sands  
of gold  
And I look across the sea.

He did much in anonymous literary criticism, and one of his achievements will be remembered. It was he who compiled and published in the *Athenaeum* the extracts by which it was attempted to prove that Alexander Smith, of the "Life Drama," was a plagiarist. The attempt was characterised rather by zeal and success than by real cogency of proof, and Shirley Brooks made it the theme of a very caustic article. Still, the mischief was done, and poor Alexander Smith's reputation is only slowly recovering now, after fifty years. Allingham did better things than that. He published at least one volume of home travels under the pseudonym "Patricius Walker," and he edited for a time *Fraser's Magazine* after Froude left it. I tremble to relate that he signalled his editorship by losing one of the essays of "A. K. H. B." He was on very intimate terms with Rossetti, Coventry Patmore, and many other literary men of the time, as is shown in the volume of letters edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill. He was one of the admirers of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, who, alas! seems to be forgotten by the present generation.

The Americans never grow weary of Abraham Lincoln, and they are buying in large numbers just now a volume entitled "Lincoln: Master of Men," by Alonzo Rothschild, who works out all the evidence that Lincoln was in the beginning a niaster among his fellows. As a boy his intellectual pre-eminence among his backwoods associates was universally recognised; but he was seldom, if ever, combative, and even in youth gentleness and tact were not lacking in his make-up. When he was still scarcely heard of outside of Illinois, Douglas, his first great opponent, said of him: "He is the ablest man the Republicans have got. . . . I do not want to get into a debate with Abe."

In his handling of Seward, who, as Secretary of State and acknowledged head of the Republican party, considered himself as the power behind the throne, Lincoln displayed consummate tact, and placed the great man in his proper position without losing his friendship. Seward was probably brought to perceive the proper relationship between himself and the President, which is expressed in these frank words: "Executive skill and vigour are rare qualities. The President is the best of us." He was particularly patient with McClellan, from whom he tolerated a degree of insubordination which proved the President to be a very magnanimous as well as a

very patriotic man. Considerations of a petty nature never influenced him, but, his final decision announced, no one was allowed to doubt that Abraham Lincoln was master and intended to remain so.

If Ibsen was the most reticent of men, Tolstoy is surely the frankest. The volume dealing with his childhood and early manhood which M. Birukoff has just edited is authorised, and it is outspoken to a degree. It brings the story to the moment of his marriage. Like

many men who have become famous, Tolstoy had a poor time at the University. He entered the School of Oriental Languages, and afterwards that of Jurisprudence, but got no degree in either. Naturally, he expresses a low opinion of the methods of the institution. He tells us that at that time he classified the human race into people *comme il faut* and *comme il ne faut pas*, and his *comme il faut* consisted first and foremost in the use of excellent French, more especially in pronunciation. "A man who pronounced French badly immediately provoked a feeling of hatred in me." The second condition for *comme il faut* consisted in long, manicured, clean nails.

There never was any real sympathy between Tolstoy and Turguenieff. Have two novelists ever been close and intimate friends? When Turguenieff made Tolstoy's acquaintance he said of him: "There is not a word, not a movement which is natural. He is constantly posing, and I am at a loss to understand in so intelligent a man this foolish pride in his wretched title of Count." After a time Turguenieff came to the conclusion that Tolstoy had the ambition to be considered a Don Juan. One day Tolstoy related certain interesting episodes which had happened to him during the war. When he went away Turguenieff said: "You may boil a Russian officer for three days in strong suds, and you won't succeed in getting rid of the braggadocio of a junker; you may cover him with a thick veneer of education—still his brutality will shine through."

Mr. Henry Lucy's book, "The Balfourian Parliament, 1900-1905," shows no falling-off in brightness, skill, and vigour. Mr. Lucy's chronicle has an independent value. He has been favoured with the confidences of leading politicians on both sides, and there are anecdotes here which belong to history. Thus, Mr. Lucy mentions that in April 1889 Mr. Chamberlain talked to him about the Unionist Premiership. "If," he said, "you want to know the truth about the matter, I will tell you. Never at any time, in any circumstances, do I intend to be Prime Minister of the Unionist party. I am ready to serve under Arthur Balfour, or anyone else who may be preferred to the post. I confess it was different when I was on the other side. Fifteen years ago I was certainly resolved to be Prime Minister in the Liberal succession. If that purpose had been fulfilled you would have seen established the condition of Liberal Imperialism of which Rosebery and others futilely talk to-day." It will be seen that Mr. Chamberlain referred to the year 1884 as the period when he was resolved to succeed Mr. Gladstone as Liberal Prime Minister.—O. O.



[DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.]

## THE RETORT VEGETARIAN.

BILL CHUFFLES: Why yer look as though yer could eat me.

JOE SPROUTS: Not 'arf! The day I 'as ter eat yer I turns vegetarian.



UP TO DATE.



"Wal, anyhow, I guess we can beat you in our country in the way of hotels. We have several out West which are heated during the summer months with iced air!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE CUCKOO'S NEST.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

WENDOVER laid down his book with a sigh. It was no use to try to read. It was no use to try to write, for that matter—unless he wrote to Cuckoo. And Cuckoo could do so well without his letters that it did not seem worth while to write to her. How many times he had written to her during the last three months—and how many times had she answered him? A letter of a page and a half, in very big writing, and two postcards lay in his pocket book—that was all: a letter and two postcards, saying what a ripping time she was having—and he was ashamed to think how many times he had read them, until he knew them by heart. The big, scrawly writing, the scent of violets which clung still to the grey paper, seemed to bring back a hint of that gay presence without which the big, shady rooms of the Court seemed so desolate. Lady Mary, at work on her eternal embroidery for exhibition at eternal Church bazaars, had remarked that morning upon the peaceful silence which filled the house now that that noisy child had departed. She had hinted, too, that it was extremely improbable that the noisy child would return—at any rate, in the character of a fixture at the Court. She would very likely marry one of Cecilia's young men—Cecilia's house-parties, it seemed, were famous for the number, variety, and extreme eligibility of the young men invited; and Wendover, who had long ceased to regard himself as either young or eligible, felt that he could have massacred the entire assembly of Cecilia's young men without mercy.

Out in the park, the cuckoos were calling to each other insistently. Wendover listened to the sound as it drifted in through the open windows of the library; and the old rhyme which chronicles the movements of the first bird of spring rang monotonously in his ears—

In April  
Come he will;  
In May  
He sings all day.  
In June  
He alters his tune;  
In July  
He prepares to fly—

Wendover got no further. Was Cuckoo preparing to fly, with one of Cecilia's young men, to the accompaniment of rice, white satin, and wedding-cake? It was quite possible. So, more years ago than he cared to remember now, Cuckoo's mother had flown, never to return; and he had thought that the spring itself had flown with her, and that no summer would ever come to fill its place. To-day he told himself that Cuckoo had brought the summer. And now Cuckoo, too, was to fly, as her dead mother had done!

There was a step on the terrace outside. He looked up. Cuckoo was standing at the window, smiling down at him in the shadow of a great pearl-grey hat.

"I've come back, Cousin Everard."

He rose and shook hands stupidly. Oh, the touch of Cuckoo's hands, small and soft in their long grey gloves, after those three months of empty loneliness and silence!

"I—I thought you were having such a ripping time," he said.

"So I did," she said frankly—"an awfully ripping time. I told you I meant to, didn't I, when I persuaded Aunt Mary to let me go? It's been nothing but one *c-nor-mous* rush. I've enjoyed it frightfully. Cecilia doesn't give one time to breathe."

"She didn't seem to give you much time for writing."

Cuckoo smiled serenely.

"Oh, nobody writes letters now, Cousin Everard—only postcards. Or telegrams. But telegrams are more expensive."

Wendover looked at her—at the small, soft face under the grey hat, the small, soft hands in the grey gloves, the grey eyes which held an odd smile somewhere in their depths.

"I see," he said. "That's why you sent me—postcards."

The smile deepened in Cuckoo's eyes.

"You say I'm always so extravagant. . . ." she murmured demurely.

Wendover changed the subject.

"And how did you like Cecilia's—young men?"

Cuckoo's gaze sank modestly to the tip of an absurd little shoe.

"Oh, they—they were perfectly ripping too," she said vaguely. "I liked them frightfully. They were so . . . so different from anything I've ever seen before."

"I suppose so." Wendover's tone was sharp. The old rhyme rang in his memory, and he altered it to suit the occasion. "In July, *she* prepares to fly," he said to himself. Rice, and white satin, and wedding-cake seemed very near.

"So unlike you, for instance," Cuckoo said softly.

"Me?"

"Yes. So smart—and up to date. No one could call you up to date, Cousin Everard. You don't play bridge, and you hate motors, and you're a perfect muff at games. You can only shoot and ride, as men used to do before games came in."

"You've been playing games—for three months?" Everard said. Cuckoo gave a little sigh.

"Oh, yes—games with balls, and games with cards, and games with counters; games after breakfast, and games after lunch, and games after dinner. They all said I picked them up wonderfully, considering the dreadful way in which you and Aunt Mary had neglected the most important part of my education. But I explained to them that you weren't a bit up to date."

"Or smart," Everard added, with perhaps excusable bitterness.

Cuckoo's eyes rested upon him for an instant with an expression which he could not read.

"No," she said, very gently. "No one could call you smart, could they? . . . They were all so smart at Cecilia's—and so very up to date. . . . You haven't said how you think I'm looking, Cousin Everard."

"A little pale, I think," Everard answered stiffly.

"And you haven't asked me if I'm glad to be back."

The stiffness died out of Wendover's manner. He looked at her with wistful eyes.

"I couldn't expect that, could I, Cuckoo dear? . . . No—I won't ask you."

She began to draw off her gloves with a little air of deliberation.

"I'm sorry, because I wanted to tell you—oh, well—something."

"Something that has to do with your coming back?"

Cuckoo nodded silently. Everard Wendover longed, for one moment, to be face to face with Cecilia and her "young men"—Cecilia, who had helped to rob the dull old Court a second time of the sunshine which had made its summer and his own—of the sound of a girl's laughter, the echo of a girl's voice. . . . Cuckoo's voice.

"I think I know," he said. "You're going away again soon, aren't you, Cuckoo . . . for good? Is that it?"

Cuckoo pulled out her gloves with a lingering touch.

"Well—not exactly. I was going to say that I'm most—most dreadfully glad to be back," she said quietly.

Wendover was speechless. She went calmly on.

"You see, I wanted to go away—I wanted to see what people were like—other people. Other men, if you like. I wanted to see if they were like you. They're not. Oh, I know Cecilia's young men are quite charming—I'm not saying anything against them; but they're not like you. I don't think any one of them would have taken in a horrid little squalling child whose mother had—jilted him—and fed it—and clothed it—and petted it—and loved it—as you have done. I don't think anyone of them would have let a little, mischievous, interloping Cuckoo overrun his house, and worry and torment him—as you have done." She paused for a moment, and glanced at him with the ghost of a smile. "But I think, perhaps, Cousin Everard—if you don't mind my saying so—I think none of them would have asked me, five minutes after I came back, when I was going away for good."

"Cuckoo! You don't—you can't mean——?"

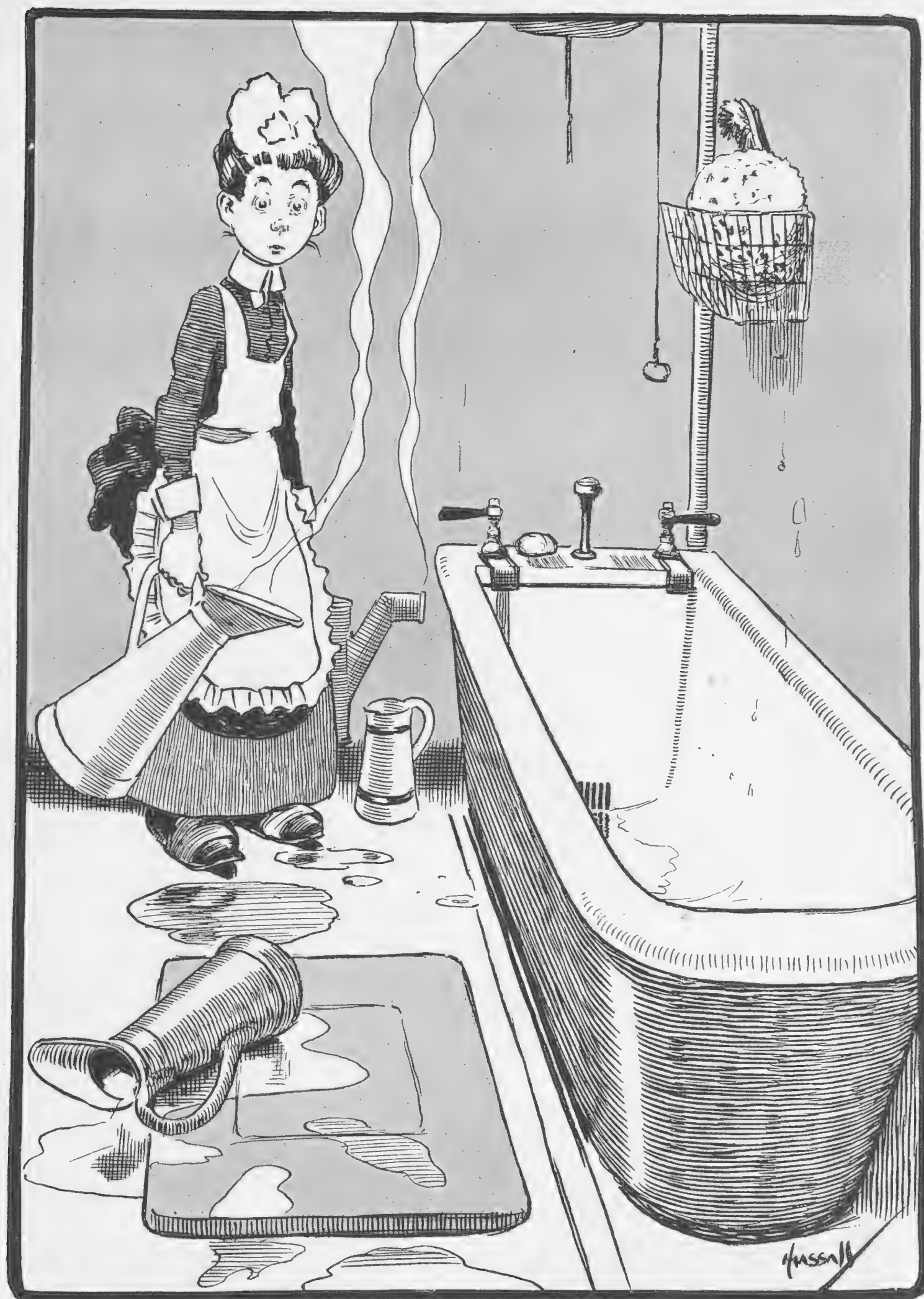
He was holding her hands tightly, as though he would never let them go; but still the words of the old rhyme buzzed in his ears. Perhaps Cuckoo heard it too, for she smiled up at him gaily.

"I've tried my wings," she said, "and I've come back. Will you let me stay, Cousin Everard? The world is a very good place—but I find I love the Cuckoo's Nest best."

THE END.



## THE WASTE OF IT.



VOICE FROM BELOW (to little TWEENIE from the country, who has been told to get the bath ready): Is the bath ready yet, Tweenie?  
 TWEENIE (who, by-the-bye, has not seen this sort of bath before): No, Mum, I've poured in about fifty canfuls, but the bottom isn't covered yet.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## AN ELOPEMENT.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

"HOW perfectly lovely!" said Miss Bellairs, as she came up. I raised my cap and shook hands. "Oh!" she said. She seemed rather surprised. "What's the matter?" said I. Then it struck me. So I kissed her.

"It's a beautiful car," she said. I gazed at it complacently, but modesty imposed silence. Miss Bellairs misinterpreted my silence. "Poor boy!" she said softly, "has he been waiting long?" "A mere twenty minutes," said I. "Well," she apologised, "you see, I had to get myself ready." "Say no more," I entreated; "the explanation is sufficient." "Is that sarcasm?" she asked doubtfully. "No," said I; "observance." "Besides," she went on, "I had to leave a note explaining things."

"Which was a matter of difficulty," I suggested. "N-o," she said; "I said it was *you*." That was really rather nice of her.

You see, we were eloping. "We've got a fine evening for it," I remarked. "Yes," she assented. "Suppose it had rained!" She shuddered at the thought.

"But it hasn't," cried I triumphantly. "It's an omen." "Of our future life," she suggested softly. "Our!" I murmured rapturously. "You dear!" Kitty sighed—an adorable sigh. "Suppose we quarrel," she remarked. "We shan't," I said positively. She looked remarkably well that evening.

"And when we are old," she began dreamily. "We shall never get old," I said. "But you must get old one day," she insisted. "I, perhaps; but *you*, never." At the same time, I didn't see why I should get old any more than she. "Well, older," she amended; "we shall have something to look back upon."

"A life of perfect happiness," I affirmed. I wasn't quite following her.

"That, of course," she agreed; "but I mean we shall have lived." "Something to tell the——" I stopped just in time. "You mean, our reminiscences will have a savour of romance."

Kitty nodded. "It will make the other girls so jealous, too," she smiled. "That you're marrying me?" I, too, smiled. "Ye-es," she assented, but doubtfully. "I meant really of my having an elopement."

"In a motor-car," I remarked, adding additional spice. Kitty clasped her hands together, "It's too sweet," she enthused, "for anything." "Not for you," I said positively. We were sitting on the step-board of the car, and the powder on her face was coming off on my shoulder.

"To think," she said in wonderment, "that a week ago I never knew you existed."

"As soon as I saw you," I said, rising to the occasion, "I wondered how I had contrived to."

"And then I dropped my handkerchief," she said. "Well, naturally," said I. I swear I said it in all innocence.

"I'm sure I didn't," she cried, moving away indignantly. "You know I didn't."

"I do now," said I, hedging, "but I didn't then."

"If you thought I was that sort of girl I wonder you spoke to me," said she, head well up.

"That was precisely the reason," I explained. "Well, you were disappointed," said Kitty vindictively.

Well, of course, as a gentleman, I had to say yes. "Then," she said, after a pause, coming close again, "I introduced you to papa."

"And as soon as he knew I had a car he got quite friendly," said I. "Why, of course," said Kitty, "he knew you were a gentleman then."

"That made it obvious," I agreed. "Then we listened to the band on the pier one night," she continued.

"And I——" "Yes," she interrupted hurriedly, "and I was fearfully late, and papa was very cross."

"But you weren't," I suggested, "although you pretended to be." "Well, not very," she confessed. "You do—what you did that night—rather nicely."

So I did it again. "Supposing," she said breathlessly, "we had never met."

"Ah!" I breathed. Because honestly I didn't know whether if I indulged in supposition, it would altogether meet with her approval. "What would you have done?" she went on.

"I?" said I. "Oh, well what would you have done?" Playing for safety is, I believe, the correct term.

"What would I have done?" she repeated. She paused. Then she looked at me from the corner of her eye. Oh, woman, how limitless is thy tact! "I should never have eloped," she said softly.

There are moments in life when the past contains no regrets, nor the future fear. This was one of them.

After a while she replaced a hairpin, and looked up at the sky. "It's going to rain," she said tragically.

"Let it," I said generously. After all, life can't be full of omens. "But it will spoil my frock," said Kitty piteously.

"The back seat has a hood," I said, looking up at the car. "The back seat!" cried Kitty.

"It's that or getting wet," I explained. "If we're going to start!" she cried jumping up. I believe the conversation, which certainly verged on the allegorical, was not to her liking.

"I'll sit in front till it rains, anyhow," she said, with her foot on the step.

I smiled, but her back was turned to me, so she couldn't see. "Now," I said softly, as I wrapped a rug round her, "we start on our long journey together."

But we didn't. Either the car didn't understand poetry, or I didn't understand the car.

Then it rained. When I was drenched to the skin I followed Kitty to the shelter of the hood.

"This," said Kitty, quite angrily, "is absurd." "It's worse," said I moodily; "it's depressing."

"I thought you understood cars," she said bitingly. "Really!" I said. I was getting annoyed. "Unfortunately it's not my own car: it's one I borrowed."

"I can't stop here all night, anyhow," she said decisively. "Even I," I remarked coldly, "had grasped that."

"A man who lets a motor-car master him," she began exasperatingly.

"Passive resistance," I interjected, "is a powerful force."

"I shall go home," she said. "Your home," I informed her icily, "is by my side."

Kitty gathered her skirts about her without a word, and stepped out of the car into a puddle. Woman-like, she took it as an additional disaster; whereas it was really part of the original.

"I've spoiled my dress now," she said bitterly. "And my life," I said, following her out of the car.

"Good-bye," I said sadly. "The next man I elope with," she said over her shoulder, "will be a man."

"It would be preferable, even, that he were a chauffeur," I retorted.

I followed her at a respectful distance till she entered her old home. Then I lit a cigarette and went back and re-examined the car. Found a lever I had previously overlooked, and drove home.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT is a rare, if not unique, honour for an actress to be accorded a civic welcome. That distinction is, however, to fall to the lot of Miss Ellen Terry on Saturday afternoon as the culmination of her Jubilee honours, and it is appropriately conferred by Coventry, the city of her birth. Miss Terry will lay the foundation-stone of a new theatre or Coliseum, to be built by Mr. George Dance, on the site of the Corn Exchange, which is the largest public hall in the city. After the ceremony Miss Terry will be entertained by the Corporation at a banquet. It will be a busy day for Miss Terry, for she will return in time to play her part in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" in the evening.

Few projects in which the theatrical world is interested on its own account have been pushed forward with such zeal and alacrity as the movement for what is known as Actors' Day. This has for its object the dedication of one day in the year to the cause of the profession's charities. The actors, dramatists, singers, and other adherents to the scheme will forego all profits and emoluments on that day and give them to the Fund, to whose welfare already a large number of the leading men and women and a not inconsiderable proportion of the less well-known people have promised their allegiance. Several actors are taking a prominent part in the movement, notable among them being Mr. A. E. Drinkwater, who is one of the leading spirits in the Actors' Association.

The Bishop of Ripon is well known as a man of varied activities and of wide sympathies. Both these characteristics will be in evidence on Monday afternoon, for he will address the British Empire Shakspeare Society on Shakspeare's plays at the Garrick Theatre, which has been lent for the purpose by Mr. Arthur Bouchier, one of the vice-presidents. The chair will be taken by Mr. Sidney Lee, the president of the society. Several well-known actors are expected to be present, among them being Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr.

H. B. Irving, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Bouchier, and Sir Squire Bancroft.

Beginning on Monday and continuing for the rest of the week, the Warwick Pageant will undoubtedly dominate the attention of the amusement-loving world, for apart from the interest in re-creating the past and making the dead and gone heroes intimately connected with the history of the city seem to breathe and live and move again under the vitalising influences of Mr. Louis N. Parker's work, the entertainment will employ the services of between fifteen hundred and two thousand people. With Warwick Castle for the background the episodes cannot fail to unroll themselves in a delightful as well as imposing fashion,

Cymbeline against the Romans, the incident of the Bear and Rugged Staff, and how it became the Cognisance of Warwick's Earls, the slaying of the Dun Cow of Dunsmore Heath, the trial and execution of Piers Gaveston, the quarrel between the King-Maker and Edward IV., the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey, and the visit of

Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester. In this last, five hundred people will appear on the scene, and the Queen will arrive in a coach drawn by eight horses, and will leave in a barge on the Avon. The Marquess of Hertford, who has taken a great interest in the preparations, believes that the whole county of Warwick will support the pageant, which will thus be carried to a triumphant success. In addition to Mr. Parker, Mr. James Rhoades (who has written the lyrics) and Mr. Allen Blackall (who has composed the music) must be mentioned as the chief contributors to a form

of amusement which is growing in popularity, for already there is talk of a similar entertainment being produced elsewhere.

To-morrow evening Madame Réjane will produce, for the first time in London, M. Sardou's latest comedy, "La Piste." The plot of the play turns on an undated letter which Casimir Revillon discovered in a secretaire belonging to his wife, who had been already married, but had divorced her husband. It was a compromising document, in which the writer—whose name was Oscar—dwelt with delight on a certain day he had spent in Madame's company. Being her husband, and a French husband at that, he naturally jumped to the conclusion that she had received the letter after she had married him. Instead of acknowledging the truth, Madame Revillon, taking advantage of the fact that her name was not mentioned in the letter, declared that it must have belonged to the previous owner of the secretaire, which she had bought at an auction. Unfortunately, the next moment her sister confounded her by stating that the piece of furniture had belonged to her grandmother. That untruth made her husband sure that the letter was hers. In order to prove her fidelity, she had recourse to the bold expedient of going to her former husband, M. Jobelin, to get him to acknowledge that the letter had been received while she was his wife, and that he knew all about it. So cleverly did she explain the situation that the ex-husband believed that the lover was not in his time at all, but was a more recent addition. In the middle of their interview, Revillon himself arrived, and his wife, not liking to be found closeted with her former husband, left, to wait in an adjoining apartment for a few minutes before she came in at the front door after Jobelin had explained everything satisfactorily to Casimir. Unfortunately, her sister gave away the fact that she had been there before, and so made matters worse. Still bent on clearing herself, Madame Revillon went to an inn where she had stayed with Oscar; but the Fates were against her, for the landlady was dead, her son had gone to Africa, and the books had been burnt; so the all-important date of the escapade could not be proved. Eventually Oscar's wife arrived, and as she had discovered everything about the intrigue in looking through her husband's letters, she was able to rehabilitate Madame Revillon in her husband's eyes by proving that whatever had happened had taken place before she had become his wife.



PRIMITIVE WOMAN: MR. HARRY GRATTAN  
IN THE EMPIRE REVUE.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



A PROTEGÉE OF MISS ELLALINE TERRISS:  
MISS BARBARA DEANE.

Miss Deane, of the Aldwych Theatre, is a protégée of Miss Ellaline Terriss, and resides with Mr. and Mrs. Hicks. She has one of the most beautiful voices on the stage, and is without question one of the most promising of all the younger artists.

Photograph by Knowles.

always provided, of course, that the weather is favourable, that the skies are blue and not overcast, that the sun shines and rain does not fall to damp the ardour of the speculators—for, happily, it never disturbs the equanimity of the performers.

Not merely ordinary folk, but titled men and women will appear in the pageant, among whose episodes will be included the Battle of

# KEY-NOTES

THE last Wagner performance of this season at Covent Garden took place a few days ago, as Richter has been compelled to leave London for Bayreuth. The directors chose "The Flying Dutchman" for the final Wagnerian interpretation, with Van Rooy in the part of the Dutchman and Fräulein Destinn in that of Senta. Nothing but congratulations can be given to the authorities at Covent Garden for a most remarkable series of performances, and Richter has done wonders. It is curious to note how this conductor's methods have disabused his hearers of those conventional theories which set so much store upon various so-called phases of Wagner's career, for his playing of "The Dutchman" brought us face to face with much of the spirit of his later work. The orchestra played marvellously well, and the principal characters in every way responded. Van Rooy's Dutchman was a masterly study; he sang splendidly and was both dignified and tragic. Fräulein Destinn's Senta was quite a remarkable interpretation, her song, among the Spinning Maidens, of the cruises of the Flying Dutchman being most dramatic, and the beauty of her voice raising the part to a level rarely heard on the operatic stage. As the Steersman, Herr Nietan sang admirably, and Herr Burgstaller did all that he could for the part of Erik. The mounting of the opera was admirable, the shipwreck and the final tableau at the end of the last act being quite splendid. The chorus was exceedingly good, and sang with spirit and delicacy.

"Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," by Massenet, was given its first London performance a few days ago at Covent Garden, and was conducted on the occasion in question by M. Messager. It is not necessary to enter here into any controversial detail concerning the plot; the Juggler, as set forth in this beautiful little play, sins at the outset and begs admission into a neighbouring monastery, a request which is immediately granted by the Prior. The monks are busy bringing gifts to the statue of the Virgin, and the poor Juggler, having nothing to give, thinks his exhibition as a juggler and dancer will perhaps be acceptable. The monks, who are horrified, gather together to witness his supposed profanity, and the miracle upon which the plot is based then takes place. The statue, illuminated, solemnly blesses the poor Juggler with outstretched hands, and he dies at the foot of the Lady Altar. The music throughout is charming. M. Massenet brings out all his powers of harmony and of melody; he has thoroughly caught the spirit of plain-song, and the whole score is full of the most exquisite harmonies.

M. Laffitte sang the part of the Juggler admirably, with a tenderness and a simplicity which thoroughly suited the part. M. Gilbert sang one of the most beautiful numbers in the opera magnificently, and the parts of the four remaining monks were taken very ably by MM. Artus, Crabbe, Dognies, and Frank Arthur. M. Seveilhac, in the part of the Prior, sang extremely well, and the orchestra played admirably. Nothing but praise can be allotted to Mr. Harry Brook for his painting of the very beautiful scenery used on this occasion.

A remarkable concert was given last week by Mr. Mark Hambourg at the Queen's Hall, this being the occasion of his thousandth appearance in public. He certainly played magnificently, with a spirit and a fire which we have not heard developed to so great an extent in his playing before. He played the Chopin Etude in G flat, which was repeated as an

encore, and the Prelude in F by the same composer. Here his technique was quite marvellous, and combined with it was an intense musical feeling. As a second encore he played the Etude in F minor, and quite carried one away by his wonderful accomplishment. In his rendering of Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 27, No. 2), known as the "Moonlight," he disarmed criticism by the manner in which he dealt with the composition, and at the finish he received quite an ovation from his audience, being recalled to the platform no fewer than eight times. He again showed his wonderful powers in Bach's Italian Concerto. He also played, for the first time, the Variations by Mr. Benjamin Dale, who won the prize offered by Mr. Mark Hambourg for a pianoforte piece. The work is extremely difficult, but Mr. Hambourg triumphed over all its technicalities, though the work cannot be said to be of any very great musical value.

The other night at the Bechstein Hall Mlle. Rosa Olitzka gave a concert which drew a very large audience. She was in excellent form, and sang two songs by Brahms, "Am die Nachtigall" and "Zigeunerlied," with singular charm and vivacity. In Richard Strauss's "Ruhe, Meine Seele," she showed an intelligence and a fine vocal accomplishment which were altogether admirable. She is a singer of much versatility, and in Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrad" she was most artistic and refined. She also sang some charming songs by Mr. Arthur Herve, Lisa Lehmann (those most accomplished composers of modern lieder), and other musicians. Mlle. Olitzka was accompanied by Mr. Grünbaum, and Mr. Edward Isaacs played various soli on the pianoforte.



HANDEL'S WATCH, WORN AT EVERY HANDEL FESTIVAL SINCE 1879 BY ONE OF HIS LADY ADMIRERS.

The watch was presented to Handel by Halle, his native town. It represents a concert rehearsal. There are two double basses, a harpsichord, and a conductor, with probably two singers. The watch belongs to Miss Henrietta Mackenzie (Mrs. Shearer), a member of the Handel Festival Choir.



MME ALBANI



MISS ADA CROSSLEY



MME KIRKBY LUNN



MISS AGNES NICHOLLS



MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN

WOMEN SOLOISTS AT THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.  
Photographs by Russell.



DR F. COWEN



MR CHAS. SANTLEY



MR BEN DAVIES



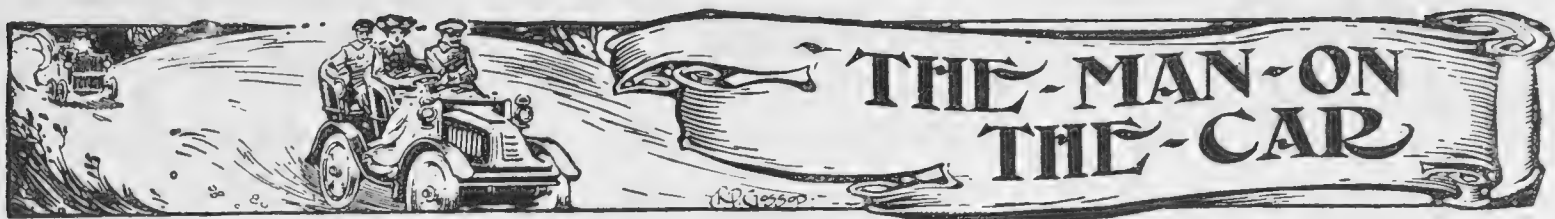
MR WATKIN MILLS



MR CHAS. SAUNDERS

CONDUCTOR AND MEN SOLOISTS AT HANDEL FESTIVAL.  
Photographs by Russell.





THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS—A SEARCHING TEST—SIX CYLINDERS V. FOUR—ROLLS-ROYCE V MARTINI, CONTINUED—A MOTOR DRIVER FLUNG INTO GAOL—MITIGATION OF MOTOR ANNOYANCES—RUNNING FOOTBOARDS FOR TOURISTS' BAGGAGE.

NO more successful or more capably managed Automobile Reliability Trials have ever been carried out than those which the Scottish Automobile Club (Western Section) brought to a close on the 16th inst. at Glasgow. Out of a total entry of eighty-one cars, ranging in horse-power from the 6-horse power Rover to the 30-horse power Rolls-Royce, Standard, and Ariel cars, no fewer than seventy-nine left Glasgow on the first day, sixty-nine returning to the city on the Clyde at the close of the fourth and last day. The total distance covered by the finishing cars was 671½ miles, of an itinerary equal in difficulty and character to twice the distance in this country, or four times in France. Let no man suppose that the four days' running selected for these trials was not a trying and searching test for the cars that went through successfully. It would be difficult to imagine a more strenuous course in any part of the British Isles, and intending purchasers will do well to await the present publication of the official report and awards, and take counsel by them. The four severe timed hill-climbs increased the rigour of the test, which lacked nothing but a short-distance speed-trial to make all complete.

The sporting match entered into by Mr. Claude Johnson and Captain H. P. Deasy for the purpose of testing the respective qualities of six and four-cylinder cars, to which I referred in some detail last week, was continued during the four days of the Scottish trials just mentioned. The additional marks gained by each car depend upon the trials' marking, but, from what has already been published, it is clear that the 30-horse power Rolls-Royce was faster than the Martini up three of the trial hills. The Martini prevailed on the hill of the last day; but how much better one car was than the other was not shown, as the climbing times were not given. The result of this match, conceived as it has been in so excellent a spirit and carried out in so sporting a manner, is awaited with great interest. One interesting point is that the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce was the only six-cylinder car in the Scottish trials to make four non-stop absolute runs.

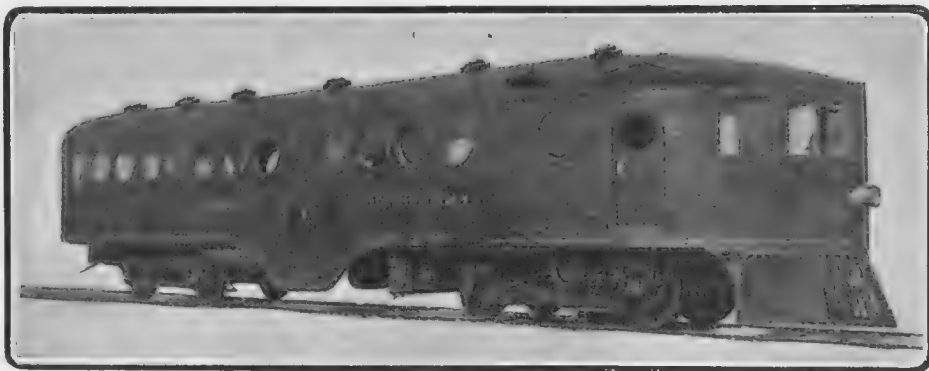
A paid driver never before convicted was lately fined ten pounds and costs by the Barnet Bench, who subsequently and, it is asserted by those learned in the law, illegally clapped the wretched man into prison because he could not immediately produce the odd ten pounds, and in spite of the fact that his solicitor asked for time, a request that in all cases but those concerning motorists is never denied. The man was taken to Pentonville Prison, and there, by some unpardonable bungling, confined in the section allotted to prisoners sentenced to

hard labour, and made to don convict garb branded with the broad arrow. Also was this unfortunate obliged to subsist on skilful and other prison fare. The solicitor at once moved the Motor Union, with the result that Mr. Justice Darling was sought at his own house and roused from his dinner, and next day issued what Tony Weller called a writ of "have 'is karkuss," with the result that the poor chap was at once freed from durance vile on his own recognisances. Now the case is to be argued, and if it is shown that the imprisonment was illegal, then Messieurs the Magistrates of Barnet will hear more of the matter.

Motorists offend the public so seriously by the dust raised by their cars that they really should seek to minimise any other annoyance, such as smoky and evil-smelling exhausts, and too insistent horns. Syrens, hooters, and the latest abomination, something akin to a throaty locomotive whistle blown by the exhaust, should be regarded as accursed, and their use by other motorists most strongly discouraged. The horn, even when mild and pleading of tone, is bad enough, but the other signals are implements of abomination, the use of which can but feed high the hate that's borne us. Horns with blatant, brassy, imperative notes should be refused, and choice allowed to fall upon one whose reed gives forth a low, far-reaching, persuasive sound, which falls mellow on the ear, and suggests the booming low of home-returning kine. The dust we can't help, that was on and of the roads ere motor-cars arrived; but it should be borne in mind, and consideration shown, when passing pedestrians, cyclists, and carriages, and running through villages.

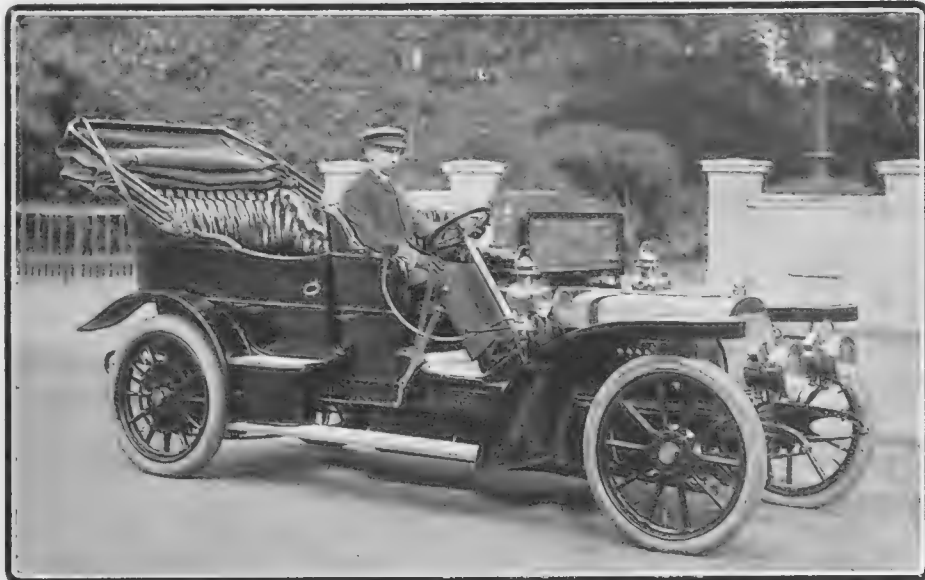
If you contemplate touring on your car, never purchase one which is not fitted with running footboards. By a running footboard I intend a wide, level footboard stretching along the side of the car from the back of the front mud-guard to the front part of the rear splash. Do not allow these boards to be used for any other fixtures than the accumulator-box and acetylene-generator, which should be set right forward on the off-side board; but if satisfactory accommodation can be found for these elsewhere, and the footboard left clear, so much the better. Then if bags or cases of suitable sizes are used all the necessary baggage for three or

four people can be carried most conveniently and most safely on these footboards. Conveniently, because the footboards fore and aft are left clear; safely because the extra weight carried is kept much lower than would otherwise be the case, and from its very position laterally exerts a considerable steadying influence upon the car. Cases made of the patent compressed cane, of the right width and height, would make ideal motor-trunks if made dust-proof.



A RAILWAY-MOTOR FOR HILL-CLIMBING: THE UNION PACIFIC CAR NO. 7.

The car, which is something like a torpedo, has been specially designed for steep gradients. It is also peculiarly well protected against dust. The average speed is thirty-four to thirty-six miles.—[From the "Scientific American."]



A CROSSLEY TOURING-CAR: A DIRECTOR OF THE ARROW MOTOR-BUS COMPANY ON HIS NEW CAR.

The car, a 40-h.p. Crossley, belongs to Mr. A. Campbell Swinton, director of the Arrow Motor-Bus Co. He has just made a ten days' tour in France, averaging 100 miles a day.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

GOODWOOD—PROGRESS—EXERCISE.

NOW that Ascot is over, many racegoers will be looking forward to Goodwood. I am told the place has been very much improved since last year, and I certainly do think owners should patronise Goodwood better than they do, as the going is absolutely perfect the year round, and the betting is always good. Yet the only race at the meeting to provoke real live interest is that

for the Stewards' Cup, which as a sprint holds its own against all comers. The long-distance races are very interesting to watch, but these often freeze up, and are of little use to backers or bookmakers. If it were possible to run one really good handicap on each day of the meeting things would go with a swing. As an outing Goodwood would take a lot of beating, and it only requires a strengthening of the programme to attract all the regular racegoers. It is not many years since the late Duke of Richmond would not even allow the tele-

meeting that had not been declared overnight, while every horse declared should go to the post, bar accident. Something of this sort is wanted to check the scheme of certain clerks of courses who somehow manage to get very large entries and very few runners. The plan, if worked in its entirety, would not bear harshly on owners, while it would be a big boon to little punters and others, who, after all, are the backbone of racing. Lord Stanley is, I believe, a real live man of business, and this is just the sort of scheme that should commend itself to his Lordship.

There are so many racegoers who suffer from the lack of bodily exercise that one feels justified in often touching on this all-important subject. The motor-car craze has become so pronounced of late that everybody seems determined to go everywhere by car. The consequence is very few racegoers walk any distance at all, with the result that they put on flesh and eventually suffer from gout troubles and other ailments that are not easily got rid of. Now I want to see some of the twenty-stone men walk up and down to Brighton, Lewes, and Goodwood, as I do. With regard to Goodwood, I always ride my bicycle from Littlehampton to the outer lodge and walk up to the course through the Birdless Grove. I can recommend this plan to anybody who wants to get weight off. The walk up and down at Brighton looks a big thing, but it is fairly easy, and the same may be said of the trudge at Lewes. The late Martin Cobbett made a rule of getting a ten-mile walk every day in all weathers, with the result that he was always fit and always in a condition to bet. Mr. Charley Hannam, who is said to be the most successful backer in England, goes in a lot for bodily exercise. He is an expert swimmer, and is also partial to golf, shooting, and billiards. By-the-bye, a celebrated specialist many years ago ordered me horse-exercise on a rough cob, but as I could not devote the time each day to this form of amusement, he recommended five hundreds up at billiards. For many years I followed the recipe with good results. Riding in hansoms, motors, and railway trains is not conducive to good health, and our motto for the future must be, "Less



A JOCKEY'S PROFESSIONAL RUBBISH-HEAP:  
TOM CANNON'S OLD HORSESHOES.

At Mr. Tom Cannon's place near Stockbridge, he has a mountain of old shoes once belonging to his racehorses.

graph-wires to be laid on the course; and my friend the late Mr. Mason, who was the travelling superintendent of the G.P.O., told me how he first induced his Grace to allow the wires to be run up through the park for the use of the week's racing only. The experiment worked fairly well on the first day until late in the afternoon, when the wires collapsed, and it cost the Post Office several pounds in carriage hire to send the telegrams to Chichester for despatch. When the fault to the wire came to be located, it was found that a cow in the park had taken a liking to the gutta-percha encasing the wire, and had made a meal off it, with the result that there was earth on the wire. But out of evil came good, for the Duke of Richmond forthwith consented to the erection of permanent wires, and the pigeon service which had been run successfully by an old sporting journalist was thereby extinguished.

I note with pleasure the enterprise shown by some clerks of courses in attempting to make the racecards as complete as possible, but I hope in time it will be possible to let the public know each morning exactly what they are going to get in return for the money paid away in railway fares and ring fees. The time will come, and it is not very far off, when the morning papers will publish lists supplied from the course of all horses that will run at the same day's meeting. This should be made compulsory by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and it would cause racing to hum. Theatregoers know beforehand the performers they are to see, then why not racegoers? Some of the "smart" owners would object to making the declaration overnight, as it would upset their little coups; but these gentlemen could be well spared, as their patronage is of little good to the racegoing public. I am certain that were a rule to be passed compelling owners to declare overnight the horses that would run next day, it would be the best thing that had ever been done for racing, and it would be the means of defeating the many schemes that are now practised by the starting-price betters, who send horses to the course and then do not run them unless they can appropriate the whole of the market to themselves. No horse should be allowed to run at any



FROM THE GREEN CLOTH TO THE PUTTING-GREEN: JOHN ROBERTS,  
THE FAMOUS BILLIARD-PLAYER, WHO HAS GONE IN FOR GOLF

Mr. John Roberts is just now on holiday at Scarborough, where he has been taking lessons in golf from Day, the professional. As was to be expected, he very rapidly became an accurate putter.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

eating, less drinking, and more bodily exercise." Walking, cycling, golf, and, when possible, cricket, should be indulged in, and we ought never to be really too old to enjoy those pastimes.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A JOURNAL with an amazingly clever habit of threshing out social problems by means of lurid headlines has been asking all creation its opinion of women in business. This riddle is the direct result of drastic measures taken by some Transatlantic employers of fair femininity, the said companies at one clear sweep having "broomed" hundreds of female workers, and replaced them by the mere, but more mannerly male. This bold procedure has naturally led to frantic discussion and dissatisfaction on the part of the dethroned damsels and their supporters, but the unanswerable charges of inefficiency and incivility brought forward by the authorities in question are not easily disposed of.

That girls as post-office or other clerks do not recognise the necessity of bare civility to the public has long been felt at this side the herring-pond. Journalists have been brilliantly satirical on the topic, and the British public has agreed in sorrowful silence, but nothing has been done. In Chicago the postmaster has, however, arisen in his might and declared his disbelief in the "fitness" of women for tasks as postal clerks. Further, one hears that this opinion is spreading amongst employers of labour. So it behoves the "young ladies" of Great Britain to look to their office-stools, lest, in being so particular about being "young ladies" and so careless about their attitude to a long-suffering public, they may lose the support that public indirectly brings them.

When motoring first came into general vogue with women, the dressmakers set up a chorus of wailing that the pastime would ruin their trade to some extent, particularly in the matter of smart afternoon frocks and tea-gowns. That fear has, however, given way to an

increased ingenuity amongst experts as to how the ideal and most becoming motor-wearables can be evolved. As a matter of fact, women wear as many elaborations and confections as ever, and motors have merely added another "department" to their already



A BEAUTIFUL GOWN FOR A GARDEN-PARTY.



[Copyright.]

A SMART RACE-COAT.

lengthy list of necessities. Occasions like Ascot and Auteuil are as extensively attended by fair motorists as by what East-Enders call carriage folk. But motor altogether are no longer as hideously utilitarian as at first. It is found possible to wear quite suitable but charming headgear, while the cloaks with which we cover our finery are things of beauty, besides being dust-proof.

The flowing veil which has been in favour for several seasons is again reappearing on newest millinery, and feathers that curl over hat-brims and shoulders adorn alike the tiniest straw and the ampler proportions of the picture-hat. Never has millinery been more eccentric or irresponsible than at the moment, nor, it may be added, more generally becoming. While wide brims and a simpler outline suit young faces—but young faces only—the forked-lightning zigzags of to-day deal much more kindly with all kinds of profiles, and women well past their thirties and early forties take on quite a youthful jauntiness by reason of the amazing composition of the hats of the hour.

Gold and silver embroideries are promised on outdoor as well as on evening gowns this season. However, fashionable tinsel gives one rather an Indian-idol effect in daytime, when combined with the chains and pendants

[Copyright.]



with which women bestrew themselves nowadays. But on evening frocks the effect is always acceptable when well done, and one of the loveliest dinner-dresses created lately is a rose chiffon over satin Empire frock, trimmed with much silver embroidery and a posy of La France roses on the corsage.

SYBIL.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

THE ablest book on the table this week is decidedly Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan's "Set in Authority" (Constable). It lacks that sunniness which marked "Those Delightful Americans," but it is a restrained and careful study of society in an Indian plains station. Miss Duncan knows what she is writing about, and her description of life in the limited society of Pilaghar is a masterly one. Eliot Arden is Chief Commissioner, has an anxious little wife who wishes to "keep up" with her clever, taciturn husband. The friendship of Arden's life is with the woman he ought to have

married—Ruth Pearce, M.B., aged thirty. He talks to her and finds pleasure in her society. There is a murder case in the town, and Arden's opinion on the verdict disagrees with that of the Viceroy. Ruth eagerly supports Arden, and when he is summoned to Calcutta to see the Viceroy she says she knows he will be firm and that she will not be disappointed in him. Arden, under the friendly but inexorable pressure at Calcutta, gives way. His wife dies, but before that he and Ruth have drifted apart, and we leave him, old and tired, just appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Ruth, old and tired also, is in England. But this is not half or quarter of the story, which is ingeniously woven. Miss Duncan's book will bear re-reading many times.

Love and jealousy are eternally interesting topics, and we find plenty of both in Mrs. Chan-Toon's "The

A MAGNIFICENT DIAMOND SPRAY  
AT THE  
PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

Triumph of Love; and Other Stories," published by Messrs. Greening. Some of the concluding sentences of these tales will give the reader a better idea of the book than any description. Here they are—

"The Triumph of Love"—"Words are nothing, dear," he said; "we will begin again."

"At the Hands of a Woman"—So there by the sad swell of the incoming tide, the malarial mists of evening rolling shorewards, a proud and broken heart once more nerved itself for battle.

"Some Unaddressed Letters"—I received your letter three days ago. I have prayed ever since to go mad or die.

and—

"A Man of Forty"—A low, despairing cry broke from her, her head sank on her arms, and she lay there sobbing bitterly.

One of the gayest, most vivacious books of the season is "Lady Betty Across the Water," by C. N. and A. N. Williamson (Methuen). It is quite impossible to read it without catching some brightness from its irresponsible pages. Lady Betty's age, it goes without saying, does it not? was eighteen, and she had a complexion of milk and roses. She goes to be introduced to American Society under the care of Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox. Everything is too sweet and wonderful for anything. Why, on the voyage, even, she meets a man (he is travelling steerage to win a bet, though Betty does not know that, which makes the romance of the thing.) Then Betty is interviewed directly she lands; she is introduced to the joys of iced water and sherry cobbler; she visits Newport, is proposed to frequently, and is initiated into the delights of a violet tea and an appendicitis lunch.

But to the last only those who had had it were to be invited, and the decorations were to be hospital nurse and operating instruments. Lady Betty's romance comes right in the most "cunning" way. Readers of this book are instructed in American slang. A motor-car must be called "homicide wagon."

"The Bands of Orion" has just been issued by Mr. Heinemann. The Hon. Mrs. N. Grosvenor makes her heroine love two brothers in succession. Clare Stafford is a pretty widow, and when she meets Arthur Dering, the fascinating traveller, she loses her heart to him, though he tells her that he "hasn't got it in him to make a decent husband to any woman," that he is "a vagrant, a pauper, a scapegrace, with wandering in the blood." After they are engaged Dering suddenly gets a restless fit and his soul yearns for the East. "Like old friends the stars beckoned him." He goes to the docks and books to Aden, but ere he starts he is stricken with fever, and removed to a hospital. Clare finds him there, and after a time he dies quite contentedly. His brother Dick has come home, and Arthur perceives that Dick is attracted to Clare and that all will go well. This is a book for the boudoir, pleasantly and easily written.

The celebration of the King's birthday is apt to cause a little confusion. At all home stations the day is signalled on Friday; at Colonial stations another day is fixed; then, finally, there is the date proper, November 9. The multiplicity of dates has this advantage, that it affords a number of people the felicity of saying that they were born on the King's birthday. Sir George Bowen, finding that his own birthday and that of Li Hung Chang dated back to the same year, mentioned the fact to his Excellency, but turned the matter from the personal aspect to say of Li's date, "The reason for this is obvious. Napoleon died in the West in that year, and to replace him your Excellency was born in the East." Li shook his head. "Oh, but they call me the Bismarck, not the Napoleon of China; they say that I have done as much for my country as he has for his." All in good time this came round to the man of blood and iron. "Now," he said, "to have one's name used in that manner is indeed real fame!"

A library edition and *édition de luxe* of Robert Browning's poem, "The Last Ride Together," is being prepared for the autumn. It will have half-a-dozen full-page photogravure illustrations, and head-pieces engraved on wood. The illustrations for the library edition will be on genuine Japanese vellum, while those for the limited one are to be on India paper.

The Ellen Terry souvenir programme was printed by Messrs. J. Miles and Co., Wardour Street.

In a recent number we published caricatures which were so described that it seemed that they were drawn by the Empress of Russia. This is not the case, and we regret the mistake.

The Great Southern and Western Railway Company have just issued a neat and handy little booklet illustrating the scenery and attractions of the South and South-West of Ireland. It is very smartly printed—the body in green and black, and the cover in tri-colour. A spirited picture of a jarvey and jaunting-car appears on the front, and on the back are some pictures of the company's comfortable corridor rolling stock, interior and exterior.



KING ALFONSO'S WEDDING-GIFT FROM HIS  
BRITISH REGIMENT.

The accompanying illustration represents a statuette of an officer of the 16th (The Queen's) Lancers. It is mounted on an ebonised plinth, on one side of which is a silver plate bearing the following inscription: "From the officers of the 16th (The Queen's) Lancers to their Colonel-in-Chief, H.M. King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, on the occasion of his marriage, 1906." The statuette is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., of 112 and 110, Regent Street, London, W.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 10.*

## CHEAPER MONEY.

THE Bank, in the face of the strong return, had no alternative except to put down the rate to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., but more than this is necessary before we see anything like a real revival of Stock Exchange business. Possibly cheap money and the prospect of its continuance might do something to end the present stagnation, especially if backed by a period of freedom from new issues; but, except for a fairly steady small investment business in Foreign Rails and Industrials, there is practically nothing doing outside the Yankee Market.

## THE FEDERAL SUPPLY AND COLD STORAGE COMPANY OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED.

Our Illustration this week is of the Johannesburg depôt of the Federal Supply and Cold Storage Company of South Africa, Limited, and in our next Issue we propose to give a view of the Pretoria depôt. Things South African are not over-flourishing at present, but the Federal Company succeeded in paying 5 per cent. for 1904 and 6 per cent. for 1905, which is not altogether unsatisfactory, especially as over £10,000 was carried forward on the last occasion, and at the annual meeting, held on April 9 last, the chairman was able to tell the shareholders that the profits for 1906 to date were satisfactory.

The Company have extensive cold-storage premises in the most important distributing centres in South Africa, notably at Johannesburg, Cape Town, Pretoria, Bloemfontein, Durban, and East London, where a very extensive trade is carried on by them, not only in all kinds of New Zealand, Australian, and River Plate meats, but also in South African home-fed sheep and cattle, as well as in all kinds of dairy produce, and last year the sales of frozen meat alone exceeded those of the previous year by over 5,000,000 pounds. The shares now stand at about 10s. 3d., at which price they return nearly 12 per cent., but must, of course, be considered speculative in the present unsettled state of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies.

## AMERICANS.

What the particular game of the Wall Street wirepullers at this moment may be only those wirepullers know. The American Market is in a singular situation, the magnates apparently working for lower prices, while other forces fight upon the side of the stockholders by the provision of excellent crop reports and of stimulating trade returns. Mr. Secretary Shaw played finely into the hands of the former by his references to the need for a panic if currency reform were ever to be properly effected, and the bears were not slow to reinforce this factor with a shoal of adverse rumours, to repeat which is quite unnecessary, inasmuch as a fresh crop will probably be doing duty when these notes appear. What we regard as the most favourable feature in the outlook is the increasingly investment character of the market. This is most lately exemplified by the declaration of a 6 per cent. dividend on Baltimore and Ohio shares, and it must be strongly emphasised that the Boards of the best Companies do not make increased distributions unless they see very fair prospects of the improvement being maintained. Baltimores should go still better, and so should Atchison shares, while of Denver Preferred we have spoken recently as a cheap, good stock. And with the gradual move-up of the higher-class shares to better levels, the rest of the Yankee Market must assuredly sympathise, though set-backs will come in the natural order of events.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

Entire failure met The Banker's efforts to prove that cheap money would have a reviving effect upon Stock Exchange business.

"We appreciate your kindly intentions, Sir," The Jobber admitted. "But our little show in Throgmorton Street is too much out of public favour for it to be affected by such a detail as a three per cent. Bank Rate."

Again The Banker strove to convince his hearers that the good time coming was not so very far away, and turned in serio-comic desperation to The City Editor. "You at least will support me," he urged.

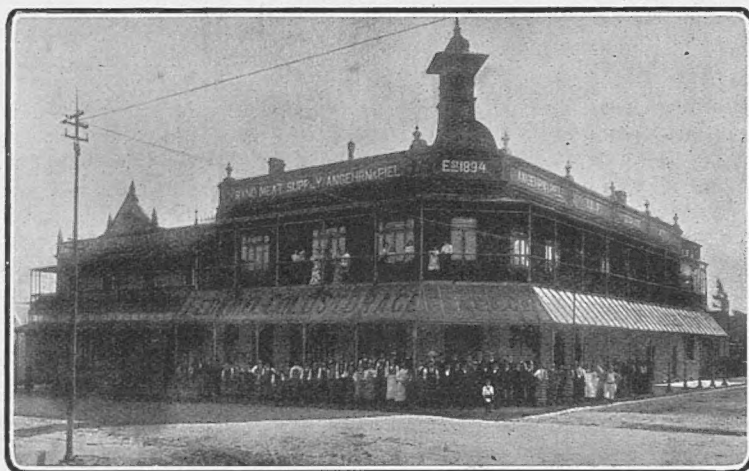
"Well, honestly——"

"That's good. You are not writing for your paper *now*," said The Jobber encouragingly. "Steady! Oh! Rotten shot!"

"It is the creed of every financial writer," continued The City Editor, "that things are always about to mend. But in my heart of hearts, I must admit that the Stock Ex——"

"Oh, yes, go on. Stock Exchange is going to the place where the sulphur comes from."

"Where's that?" asked The Banker thoughtlessly. Then, "Oh, I see," he added, his eye twinkling with fun.



FEDERAL SUPPLY AND COLD STORAGE COMPANY OF SOUTH AFRICA, LTD.:  
JOHANNESBURG BRANCH.

"Three per cent. will be here before long, I suppose?" asked The Merchant. "I happen to be rather interested in it."

"Certain to come soon," replied The City Editor.

"So everyone said in the spring," retorted The Broker. "But the Rate rose to four instead of falling to three, as some of us remember."

"I do not consider there is much risk of history repeating itself just yet," The Banker stated. "No; we shall have three per cent. before long."

"I cannot understand why Iron and Steel shares don't advance," The Engineer commenced. "Trade is extremely good, and all that kind of thing, yet prices keep only fairly steady. Why?"

"Radical Government," explained The Solicitor tersely.

"What have they to do with it, beyond keeping out Tariff Reform?"

"Why, don't you see they might allow all sorts of Labour legislation to be passed——?"

"That's our old friend the Home Railway bogey," remarked The City Editor.

"Same one. Equally illogical. But there you are."

"I don't see where the want of logic comes in," observed The Broker. "Considering the scalawags——"

"If you are referring to my party, Brokie," said The Jobber, with a delicate threat in his tone, "may I trouble you to moderate the exuberance of your political feelings?"

"That's the true cause of the dullness," The Broker went on, as though unconscious of the interruption. "And until it becomes more patent that capital is safe from the depredations of——"

"Don't, don't!" pleaded The Engineer. "It's far too sultry to be onlookers at a scrum. For the participants in the fight the heat doesn't matter, but think of us."

The Jobber replaced his gold-headed cane, and The Merchant asked casually if Trunks were any good.

"Ought to be bought, as you're a living sinner," said The Jobber, still pugnacious.

"A living dog is better than a dead lion," quoted the City Editor.

"And Trunks Thirds will go to 70, even as Ordinary will touch 35."

"And those Argentine Railway things are worth having for investment," The Engineer proceeded.

"What things? Buenos Ayres and Pacifics?"

"M. And Southern and Roseys and Westerns."

"Roseys are the pick of the basket," maintained The Broker. "Quite the cheapest thing in that market."

"Speculative," was The Banker's comment.

"Only a little—oh, well, perhaps they are rather," admitted The Broker.

"Doesn't matter what you buy nowadays," growled The Merchant. "It invariably goes down."

"Wait for a cold day, and then you can buy things in the absolute certainty of a rise," said The Jobber, with apparent carelessness.

"Why a cold day?" } were the simultaneous questions.

"What things?" }

"Buy thermometers and watch them go up," and the jester was the only one that laughed with any degree of heartiness.

"Too hot for that sort of fooling," said The City Editor. "It's preferable only to wild guesses about the course of the Yankee Market."

"If you did not interlard your own random shots with my opinions of the Yankee Market, your forecasts would be more frequently correct," replied The Jobber viciously.

"Kaffirs look a little better," observed The Broker, turning the conversation.

"It's all on the surface, then," The City Editor said. "The market has no more strength than a new-born babe."

"I wish it had half the prospective strength of the infant," sighed The Engineer. "One doesn't like to sell shares now; but upon my word, there's precious little blue sky visible at present."

"There won't be until the Transvaal Constitution business is fixed up. It's truly a case of keeping your Kaffirs now."

"I believe they'll go lower," said The Merchant. "But I haven't the heart to sacrifice my shares at these prices."

"You are not the only one in that particular boat," said The Broker. "Pity me, with some such views as yours, having to advise clients what to do."

"Paid more for their shares, of course?"

"More? I should think so, by Jove! This Kaffir Market has done literally incalculable harm to the public's money within the last ten years."

"All the same, people are, generally speaking, quite as well off as they were ten years ago."

"Who's making random guesses now?" asked The Jobber. "And how about the Stock Exchange? Are we as well off as we were? Why, ten years ago, I'd have had sovereigns in my pocket. Now look."

He turned out a pocket-knife, a bunch of keys, scissors, some



string, one threepenny-bit, and a large lump of sticky stuff, to which all the rest adhered.

"What the deuce!" he began, then started to shake with laughter.

"The dirty little beggar!" he exclaimed. "That's how it was he couldn't find it. He put the toffee in the wrong pocket!"

#### THE MINING MANUAL—1906.

In consequence of the calls upon our space we have been unable to give an earlier notice of this excellent book by Mr. Walter R. Skinner.

The issue for 1906 is the twentieth annual number that has been published, and each year a distinct improvement can be noticed in the information given and the mode in which it is prepared and presented. The present volume brings matters up to practically the month of April of this year, and contains very full information, not only of all the mines actively dealt in upon this market, but of many whose shares can neither be bought nor sold. There are particulars of 3445 Companies, and the book is divided, as usual, into the Australasian Section, the South African Section, the West African Section, and the Miscellaneous Section; while an alphabetical index enables the reader to find the particular Company he is in search of with the least possible waste of time. In addition to the very full information given with regard to the Mining Companies, their capital, produce, profits, etc., there is an alphabetical list of mining directors, secretaries, engineers, and managers.

For any person who has any dealings in mining shares, whether speculative or for quasi-investment purposes, the book is quite invaluable, and as the price is moderate, we have the greatest confidence in recommending it to all our readers, feeling sure that none of them can ever regret having the volume for reference upon their shelves.

Mr. Skinner's preface contains a general résumé of the mining industry during the last twelve months, while the returns of gold and the very complete tables, not only in connection with the Rand, but West Australia, India, and other mining centres, enable the results of the last few years to be compared at a glance. The book is an admirable companion to Mr. Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year Book," the information in which, so far as it relates to mines, is in the volume before us considerably augmented.

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The prospectus of the above Company to acquire the business of the well-known manufacturers of sports requisites, of Peckham, London, and Elmswell, Suffolk, has been issued. The capital is £175,000, of which £120,000 are Ordinary shares, and £55,000 5½ per cent. Preference shares. All the Preference shares are to be offered for public subscription. The vendor takes 75,000 Ordinary shares, and the balance of the capital is reserved for future issue. The profits for the last five years have averaged £7483, and the assets taken over, without including anything for goodwill, are valued at £82,092, so that the Preference shares now offered appear to be amply covered both as to dividend and capital.

Saturday, June 23, 1906.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

T. H.—Your letter was fully answered on the 21st inst. Cartagena Railway bonds or Guayaquil and Quito Railway bonds might suit you.

PLYM.—We think the land shares a promising speculative purchase. They are about the price you name. We cannot tell when a dividend will be paid, as hitherto there have been none.

PINDI.—(1) The Bank is, in our opinion, to be avoided. It is impossible to pay the rates quoted except by carrying on a bill-of-sale, moneylender's business, and the security for deposits would not be good enough for us. (2) Yes, the Margarine shares are a first-class Industrial. You can buy through any broker. The Pref. (£5) are 6½. The B Pref. (£1) are 1½, and the Ordinary (£1) 2½.

PROGRESS.—The Company has much money locked up in local enterprises, and its future depends on how these turn out. The business has been carried on upon too speculative lines, hence the present low price. It is doubtful if you should buy more. The dividend is disappointing enough.

WAR.—It is early days to give an opinion on the Copper shares. Everything connected with the Company is respectable, and it is well spoken of.

NOVEMBER.—We should advise holding the shares. It is impossible to say when "better times" will come, but the Company is making profits, and if things in the Transvaal were more settled as to labour and as to the future Government, the shares would improve.

DELTA.—Look at the last balance-sheet as to patents, goodwill, etc. The price represents the market estimate of the value on a break-up, and the rooted distrust in which the financial world holds the concern and those associated with it.

MEXICAN.—Certainly we think the income bonds should be held and that they should go higher the moment there is any improvement in Stock Exchange business.

GAMMA.—The whole concern has been a regular mess; the engineers exceeded their estimates and the financiers were far too sanguine. There are very good people connected with the enterprise. Unless the directors get the necessary majority they cannot raise the prior lien. It is doubtful if the works would sell for £200,000 cash in the present state of affairs.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There may not be many runners at Gatwick, where some of the following should win: Hollybush Plate, Santessa; Veranda Handicap, Song Bird; Diamond Welter, Beppo; Emlyn Handicap, Milford Lad; Loop Handicap, Cadwal; Crabbett Plate, Sacristine filly. At Gosforth Park I think the Northumberland Plate will be won by Outbreak, and the Perkins Memorial Plate may go to Spate. The Gosforth Biennial should be won by Cross Channel; the Gosforth Park Cup reads good for Crescent; the Newcastle Handicap should be won by Rose Point; and the Seaton Delaval Plate by Belle Vale. For the Folkestone Meeting, I like First Crop for the Chatham Handicap, Bibury for the Canterbury Handicap, and St. Wulfram for the Maidstone Welter. The handicaps at Sandown will not yield very well. At the Esher Meeting I fancy the following: New Stand Handicap, Imperial II.; Corinthian Welter, Zelis; Sandringham Stakes, Adula; Wellington Handicap, Mida; Robert de Witville Handicap, Snatch; Coombe Plate, Spate; British Dominion Stakes, Weathercock.

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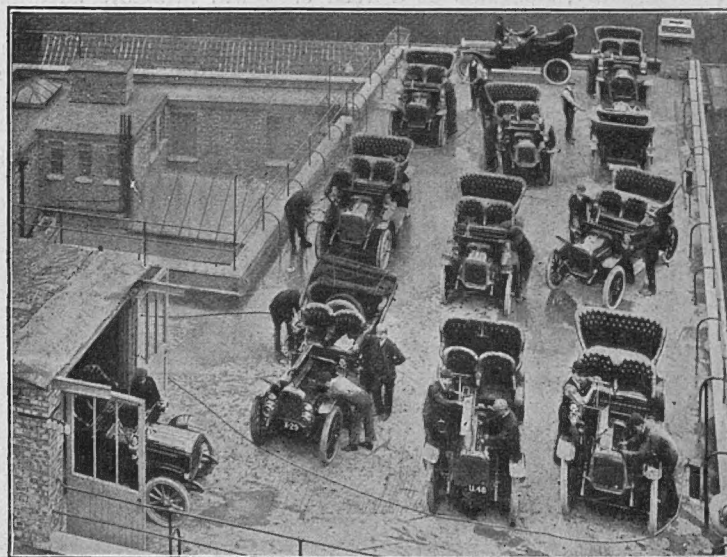


Illustration showing Cars being washed on the roof

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